

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## FAMILY—AN ANTI-AMERICAN IDEA.

We learn that one of our rich families, of comparatively recent claims to be considered as native American, has just completed a new monumental pile, to adorn still further our beautiful cemetery at Greenwood with one of the most extensive, artistic and costly mausoleums that has as yet been erected in America by any private party. It is to be constructed of white granite, with an interior of the purest Italian marble, from a chaste and classic design by the celebrated artist Reck—a gentleman better known as a decorator, but studiously skilled in all the allied aesthetic arts, among which architecture holds so important a place.

This imposing ossuary is intended to be twenty-five feet square, rising some forty feet above the ground, and finished with vaults of hewn granite, extending nearly the same distance below the surface. This colossal monument will not only present a most striking appearance, but is more wonderful when its capacity is taken into consideration. In size, it is quite as large as were most of the houses in New York city forty years ago, and certainly more beautiful and expensive. It is calculated to contain, without crowding, one hundred and fifty bodies above the ground, and two hundred in the crypt below.

The first impression that this Pharaoh-like sepulchre will make upon the beholder, must be its anti-American character. It is evidently built not for a day, but intended for all time to serve as a family place of interment—for no family short of the Smiths or the Browns could fill such a charnel-house in a century's span. The idea of the builders is evidently one connected with the perpetuity of a family. Indeed, it is evidently but part of a plan which consists in founding a family, to which the originator, recently deceased, intended to bequeath an honored name, probably made by his own industry, energy and genius, and a round sum of hard dollars to keep up its respectability, and a hoped-for goodly number of sturdy descendants, worthy to preserve the family escutcheon untarnished, and this a final

resting-place for himself and his numerous offspring for all time.

This seems a worthy object of life. The histories of the world have recorded such aims of the best and the wisest; its attempt and supposed success is the basis of many of the pulpit discourses, the novelist's plot, the poet's verse. In conformity with this persistent teaching, coming from such varied directions, but ever coming, this idea has been the dream of the gay youth and the hoary sage. And yet it has been but a dream, as shadowy and vaporous as a Summer cloud. One by one, these families, founded with such untiring anxiety and toil, disappear, and the places that once knew them, know them no more for ever. And

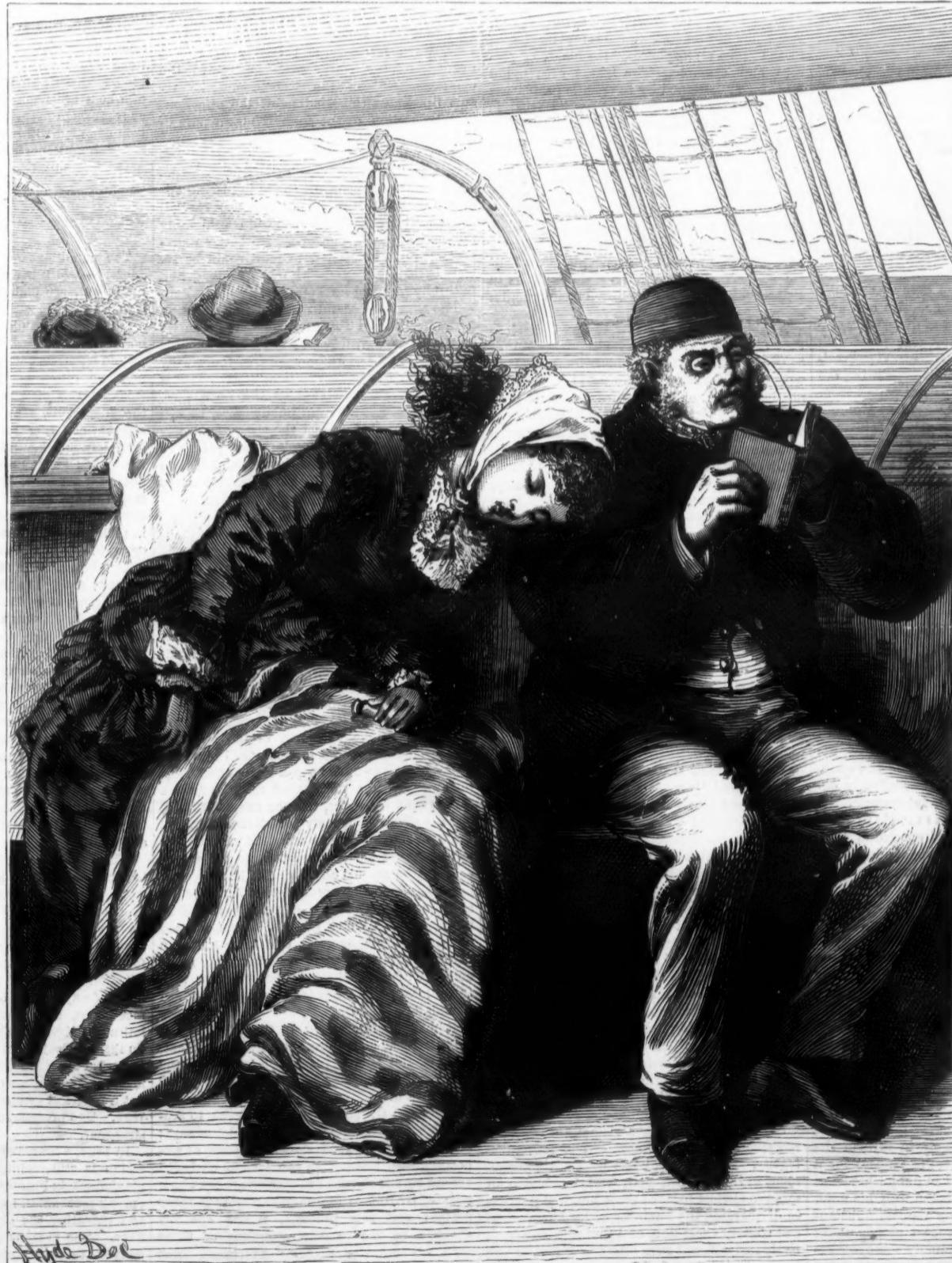
it is well that it is so. As said already, the idea is anti-American, and it is anti-American because it is essentially wrong. It is founded upon a false idea of a fancied superiority—a divine right—a higher, nobler birthright—a superior manhood. American principles deny this, utterly. A man is what he is himself—not a whit the better because his father or grandfather was a patriot, a scholar, or a saint; and, as a correlative of the statement—what is far more important for the nation, the race, and the world—the individual is none the worse that his ancestry, immediate or remote, were nobodies, or, worse than that, evil-doers.

This grand American principle is not only

deducible from the statement of the Declaration of Independence—from that sublime assertion of human rights, that “all men are born free and equal”—but it is sustained by preventive legislation, and especially by the laws respecting entail, which effectually prevent the founding of families kept up by the aggregated wealth of centuries, whereby the pitiful scion of an illustrious house may be enabled to do more injury than his famed ancestor ever did good.

Probably there will be no difficulty respecting this charnel-house, and five hundred years hence the heir of the family in direct line will find no one to dispute his entering into possession and finding a resting-place; but he will come thither borne by no horses pampered on wealth descended from the honorable founder, unless he has bequeathed with it the virtue, temperance and frugality which created it, and which, uninterrupted, rarely descend through many generations, and without which wealth is fleeting, health is precarious, and descendants wanting. He may, indeed, demise large estates to a descendant succeeding him, and may leave an hereditary request for its further disposition; but, unless he imbues his immediate heirs with the love of family which fills his heart, his wishes will be disregarded; unless he impresses his own offspring with the valuelessness of everything but uprightness and honor, of education and virtue, the gathered wealth will be squandered; unless temperance and frugality and daily labor be vigorously enforced, the family itself will become extinct.

The principles of the American are agrarian, so far as practicable. He offers as a reward for genius, enterprise, labor, the possession of all property thereby earned; he accords to the natural longings of the human heart, the providing for the support of the child, and the grandchild, and the great-grandchild—of every descendant that the living man can personally know and feel a living interest in; but he forbids the creation of a series of worthless, degraded families, drawing their sole nourishment from roots in their ancestor's mouldering coffin, and tossing their empty heads over those more worthy. Some profligate, into whose hands the be-



SORRY THEY CAME!—SEE PAGE 187.

queathed property must come, in this country, will sprinkle it around as thoroughly as any democrat just imbued with the most modern French ideas of freedom might desire; and, again, it will be collected by some other man of superior attainments, equally avid for that bubble-family.

Pleasant, indeed, is it for one to look back to his ancestry, recognizing virtue and intellect and health, which he may inherit, but not without trouble and striving. Theoretically, the idea of a fortune and freedom, to do ill or well, at twenty-one, is delightful; but, practically, the real good consists in what America offers to all—a free field, and no favor.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.  
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, JUNE 3, 1871.

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LOANS AND GIFTS FOR PUBLIC  
FUNCTIONARIES, ETC.

A REVELATION, recently made, concerning John C. Calhoun, is worthy of remark, and especially just now, in connection with the conduct of public functionaries, from the Presidency downward.

However strongly the majority of his fellow-countrymen differed from Mr. Calhoun on some political theories, no one that we know of ever questioned the integrity of his character—personal or official—except in a single case, while he was Secretary of War, and was talked of for the Presidency, in 1823-4, when a dastardly attempt was made to implicate him as a secret partner in the celebrated "Rip-Rap Contract," connected with the construction of Fortress Monroe.

Few prominent statesmen ever so carefully avoided ostentation or parade. No one ever accused him of nepotism, or of dispensing official patronage to parties propitiating him with presents. In all his public life—as Vice-President, Senator, or Cabinet Minister—during the quarter-century following his retirement from the War Department, under President Monroe, he never varied from the practice of returning by the shortest line to his old home at Fort Hill, whenever public duty allowed his absence from Washington. His last visit Northward was on official duty as Secretary of War, as he told a friend of ours, who, in 1844, vainly endeavored to prevail on him to revisit the Northern States, where many, who disliked his politics, desired to testify, publicly, their respect for his well-known integrity of character. When urged to comply with a request to deliver an address to one of the Northern State Agricultural Societies, by the same friend, Mr. Calhoun replied, that the habit of seclusion, in the intervals of public duty, had so grown upon him, that he disliked to break it, even for so commendable an object. Better would it have been for himself and the country, perhaps, had he become acquainted with the condition and sentiments of his Northern fellow-countrymen during the quarter-century in which he thus sedulously excluded himself from popular intercourse.

But, that as it may—his example in some other respects was worthy of emulation from all other public men—deserving of admiration from his countrymen of all parties and sections: And it is on one of those latter points that we now chiefly speak.

It seems, from the statements just published by Colonel Schouler, of Boston, that, about the year 1844, Mr. Calhoun wrote to Abbott Lawrence that he had been adding to his landed estate, and desired a temporary loan of ten or fifteen thousand dollars, which loan he supposed could be easier obtained in a moneyed centre like Boston than in South Carolina. He offered his note for the sum required, with a security by mortgage on his estate.

After consulting with Mr. Nathan Appleton and a few others, Mr. Lawrence wrote to Mr. Calhoun that it would be very gratifying for those gentlemen and himself to furnish the required amount, as a token of respect for a gentleman so distinguished in public life—but that no security would be taken with his note.

Mr. Calhoun immediately replied, substantially, that he could not accept money under such circumstances, and actually withdrew his application for a loan—remarking that "it did not agree with his sense of propriety to accept

a loan on such terms—and that, in the discharge of his public duty, he did not wish to be embarrassed by a sense of obligation to any one." Readers generally can readily make application of this doctrine at the present time—when presents, if not loans, are considered efficacious in securing office and favor in high official quarters.

THE BOARD OF PUBLIC  
INSTRUCTION.

The old Board of Education of New York is now the New York Board of Public Instruction, and as such has had its first meeting, Judge Hooper C. Van Voorst presiding. On assuming the chair, he made a few pertinent, interesting observations, taking strong ground as to the duty of the State to provide for the education of its youth. He maintained that it was "unsafe to leave the organization of a system of education of the young to the suggestions or obligations of parental love, interest or duty, or to the efforts of individual or associated voluntary benevolence. All experience demonstrates that such dependence produces uncertain and imperfect results. So that it has come to be an acknowledged right to claim from the State, as it is its true interest to bestow, adequate and reliable provision for the best known means, agencies and appliances for the education of the children of the citizens."

Referring to what is called "religious instruction" in schools, but which is insisted upon only by those who desire to advance sectarian notions and prejudices, Judge Van Voorst maintained that, while "for the perfection of a truly symmetrical character the religious sentiment should be unfolded, directed and strengthened in the child, so that the duties of the man may be properly discharged, and due honor and worship be rendered to the Supreme Source of all earthly and spiritual good, yet, that religious instruction is best inculcated in the genial atmosphere of the home, by precept and example. The truths of religion best come sanctioned by the gentle persuasion and authority of parental lips, its faith is clearly taught and directed, and its knowledge communicated by the spiritual teacher or the authority of the Church and its adjuncts."

Judge Van Voorst, in illustrating the importance of general education, only possible under the authority of the State, contrasted the present condition of France with what ours was at the close of our great civil war, and pertinently asked "if there be not a logical connection between the state of affairs in that country and the condition of instruction among its people?"

A late census of the French people disclose the fact that, of the total population of 38,000,000, 14,900,000 could neither read or write, and of this number, 11,000,000, or nearly thirty-three per cent. of the whole population, were of teachable years. This census also discloses the fact that the highest degree of instruction was to be found in the department of Alsace, Jura, near Switzerland, and Vosges, near Alsace; the lowest, in Brittany, and Haut Vienne.

AN EXEMPLARY MEMBER OF  
THE GOVERNMENT.

A PROMINENT public officer—a person originally of strong constitution, but now enfeebled by intense devotion, for ten years, to a most responsible official trust, from the details of which he has been absent scarcely a week during that long period—has just left our shores for Europe, on a health-seeking excursion, with which National financial business is measurably combined. This functionary merits more than a passing notice in the list of arrivals and departures. It is well said, by one of our most distinguished daily contemporaries, that "no man in the service of the Government better deserves rest; and no one will be followed by wider and more cordial wishes for his recovery."

We may add, that never, in the history of any country, have financial operations passed under the supervision of any one man to the extent that has signalized his administration of the United States Treasury Bureau during the last eventful decade. More than forty-five thousand millions of dollars (\$45,000,000,000) have been received and accounted for by that individual, without a shadow of blame, during the most exciting conflicts in our National history—beginning with the outbreak of the Great Rebellion. The precision and integrity which have illustrated his official career are particularly cheering, in contrast with the looseness and peculation that have too frequently disgraced our financial service.

Sagacity in selecting assistants has been a remarkable accomplishment of his sterling integrity. So successful has been his management in this respect, that, while employing an average clerical force of three hundred persons in discharging the business of his bureau, but one solitary exception, and that for a comparatively insignificant sum (the delinquent having been appointed on recommendation of prominent men), occurred among the employés dur-

ing the long and trying period: And that loss the Treasurer repaired out of the slender means afforded by his own meagre salary; though, to their credit be it said, Congressmen of all parties, as a slight token of respect for his devoted service, promptly united in voting back to him the sum (\$6,000) which he had thus paid out of his own pocket to square the vast National account. What victory in battlefield is worthier of honor than the triumphant integrity which has characterized this management of the "sinews of war" during the most eventful period of American history?

The sign-manual of the man is not less remarkable than his official career. The signature of JOHN HANCOCK, on the Declaration of Independence, has indelibly impressed itself on the memory of all who have seen fac-similes of that document. Previous to the expiring decade, that signature was the specimen of nominal chirography best known among the American people. But it now shares a divided honor, if not an eclipse, in this respect—for millions of people, old and young, who have never seen a fac-simile of the Declaration of Independence (the single document which has made the signature of John Hancock prominent), are in daily or hourly contact, on "currency" large or small, with the sign-manual of



U. S. Treasurer.

This well-known, though unobtrusive, public officer, is from Herkimer County, in the State of New York, where he was formerly cashier of a bank. He represented the Herkimer district for several years in Congress, where his character became so well known as to lead to his appointment, by common consent, when integrity and energy were most needed—in the National Treasury—at the commencement of the Rebellion. The result illustrates the wisdom of the selection. The reputation of the man is now a part of the moral property of the Nation.

It is understood that, while voyaging primarily for the restoration of health, he is designed by our Government to aid in placing our new National bonds among European capitalists, at rates of interest that will considerably reduce the public burdens. No better representative of our National Credit could be selected than the man who has so long and faithfully guarded its Treasury.

The name of General Spinner, in connection with our National Treasury, though not exactly in the same way, deserves to be held in equal honor with that of Robert Morris, the worthy "Financier of the Revolution." And, in this connection, we may express the hope that, after his retirement from public office, he will not be compelled to feel the sting of poverty which prompted the Revolutionary patriot to request his confidential correspondents to "prepay the postage," as his reduced finances rendered even that small tax oppressive.

THE GENERAL SOCIETY OF  
MECHANICS AND TRADESMEN.

The history of this Society goes back into the last century, and to a period shortly succeeding the evacuation of New York by the British troops, in 1783. The earliest record of its organization is the proceedings of a meeting held in November, 1785, at the public house of Walter Heyer, No. 75 King Street, now Pine Street. Robert Boyd, who held the office of Sheriff of New York from 1787 to 1791, was the chairman of the meeting. From the date of that meeting until 1792, the Society seems to have been a kind of Congress, to which all the mechanics' societies in the county sent delegates, whence arose the name of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen. Its objects were, as was and still is usual with such associations, to act in concert for the mutual advantage of its members, and to collect and accumulate a fund for the aid and support of such of them as should be unfortunate. Among the resolutions adopted at the first meeting was one to purchase a chest for the purpose of containing the funds collected; "said chest to be provided with three locks, and the price thereof to be seven pounds."

It may be interesting to the advocates of "Protection," at the present day, to know that, in 1788, this Society received a letter from the associated mechanics of "the town of Boston" (not then a city), complaining of the course of the General Government in neglecting to protect American manufactures. The letter says: "The system pursued since the peace, of importing such articles as can be manufactured among ourselves, tends to discourage the whole body of tradesmen and manufacturers in these States; and this practice, unless speedily checked by the prudent exertions of those who are more particularly interested, must eventually prove ruinous to every mechanical branch in America." In 1789, the Society re-

ceived a letter from the mechanics of Baltimore, to the same effect. And those letters, with the concurrent action of the mechanics' societies throughout the country, were the initial steps in the passage of the first Tariff Act for the protection of American manufactures, by Congress.

An annual meeting of the Society was held, and an anniversary dinner given by the members, at "Samuel French's Tavern," on the 6th of January, 1789; when the following toast, among others, was given:

"A pair of cobweb breeches, a porcupine saddle, and a hard-trotting horse, to all the enemies of freedom."

The first charter of the Society was dated March 14th, 1792. In that, its object is declared to be the "Protecting and supporting such of their brethren as, by sickness or accident, may stand in need of assistance, and for the relief of the widows and orphans of those who may die, leaving little property for their support." In 1811, when this charter had nearly expired, by its own limitation, another was passed, by which the powers and privileges of the Society were considerably increased. In 1821, an amendment was added, by which the Society was empowered to appropriate such part of their funds as they might deem expedient "to the establishment and maintenance of a school for the education of the children of its indigent or deceased members, and also to the establishment and support of an Apprentices' Library, for the use of the apprentices of the mechanics of New York."

The school, so authorized, for a long time maintained a high position among the best of its class in the city; but the Public Schools having been subsequently introduced, led to the withdrawal of its pupils; and, in 1858, it was changed to a school for the instruction of young mechanics in Architecture, Machine and Free Hand Drawing, Mathematics, etc.

The Apprentices' Library has gone on steadily increasing to the present time. It now contains about fifty thousand volumes, and its readers number about seven thousand, one-third of whom are females, employed by mechanics or tradesmen in their business. The number of volumes read within the year, as shown by the last Annual Report, was:

By Apprentices.....	71,288
" Females.....	23,095
" Paying Readers.....	3,573
" Members.....	2,716
" Visitors.....	220

105,802

The conditions on which the books of the Library—which is a circulating library—may be taken out, are embodied in the following By-laws:

"All persons under twenty-one years of age, employed as apprentices, and all females employed by mechanics or tradesmen in their business, on presentation of a proper certificate (blank forms of which can be obtained from the Librarian), may take out books from the Apprentices' Library, without charge.

"Each member of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, and widow of a deceased member, are entitled to take books from the Apprentices' Library themselves, or to authorize one of their minor children to do so in their names, without charge; but a member or widow may not transfer this right to any other person. The families of deceased members are entitled to the rights of members.

"Journeymen Mechanics, or Tradesmen, Teachers in Schools or Academies, Students in Academies, Colleges, etc., Youths in the offices of Lawyers, Physicians or Artists, or other suitable persons, may take out books from the Apprentices' Library on presentation of a proper certificate (blank forms of which can be obtained from the Librarian), on the payment of two dollars per annum.

"Mechanics or Tradesmen, Artists or other suitable persons in business on their own account, may take out books from the Apprentices' Library on presentation of a proper certificate and the payment of two dollars per annum."

When the State granted the original charter to the Mechanics' Bank, in Wall Street, it gave to every member of the Mechanics' and Tradesmen's Society the right to subscribe for ten shares of the bank's stock. On this account, at that time, there was a great rush for membership in the Society; and as its constitution prohibited the admission, as members, of any persons but those who were regular mechanics, and as there was more or less latitude claimed in the definition of that term, no little difficulty grew out of it. At that time, Robert Fulton applied to be admitted as a member, and he was refused, because he was not a practical mechanic. That was in the year 1810. The present rules of admission are less stringent.

In 1833, a course of Lectures was established, which is still maintained, for the purpose of disseminating literary and scientific knowledge among mechanics, and of improving the minds and elevating the characters of their apprentices. The persons selected, each Winter, to deliver these lectures are the most distinguished and best known among the popular lecturers of the day.

The feature of this Society, which, in some respects, is of far greater importance than its gratuitous dissemination of useful and entertaining knowledge, is its benevolent and charitable benefactions among its unfortunate members and their families. On that point, the By-laws say:

"Whenever it shall appear, to the satisfaction of the Committee on Pensions, that the situation or circumstances of any member who has applied for relief is such that he will require assistance more than one year, or during his life, it shall be their duty to report to the Society, for their concurrence, a specific sum to be granted as a yearly pension to such member. In the event of the death of any member, being in indigent circumstances, his widow, orphan, or orphans, shall be entitled to assistance as follows: All widows on the pension list shall be allowed fifty-two dollars a year, so long as it may be required. All widows being pensioners, and having children under the age of fourteen years, shall be allowed twenty dollars a year for each child, until such child shall have attained the age of fourteen years. Every child having no parent living, and who is on the pension list, shall be allowed forty dollars a year, until he attains the age of fourteen years. And under certain circumstances, at the discretion of the officers, any or all of those specified sums may be largely increased."

The following items from the last Report of the Committee on Pensions, show the amount disbursed, etc.:

	1869.	1870.
Pensions paid to members...	\$1,729	\$2,249
" widows....	4,147	5,887
" children....	280	160
Donations paid to members...	90	272
" widows....	469	614
Funeral expenses of member	40	40
" widow	40	105
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	\$6,705	\$7,327

The terms and conditions of membership are: That applicants shall be citizens of the United States; shall be Mechanics or Tradesmen; shall be vouched for by four members in respect to character, industry, honesty, and sobriety; shall receive the votes of two-thirds of the members present at the meeting when they are balloted for; and shall pay an initiation fee of fifty dollars.

The financial history of this Society contains some items of interest, and it supplies an epitome of the history of Real Estate in New York.

In 1802 the Society purchased the lot of ground, twenty-seven feet six inches, by ninety-three feet three inches, on the upper corner of Park Place and Broadway, for the sum of six thousand three hundred and twenty-five dollars. In the following year the Society erected on this lot a building of brick, then, and long afterward, known as the Mechanics' Hall, the cost of which was twenty-three thousand dollars.

It was built and rented for a hotel, the Society reserving some portion of it for their own purposes. It was afterward occupied by Coleman as a book-store; by P. L. Vandervoort, formerly of Vandervoort & Flandin, the great retail dry-goods firm of the day; afterward by W. Hall, as a music-store, and still later by the New York Central Railroad Company. Through these several stages of occupancy the building was always rented at a rate proportioned to its increasing value. In 1870 the ground was leased to the New York Security Insurance Company for twenty-one years, at an annual rent of twenty-four thousand one hundred dollars, with a privilege of renewal; the Insurance Company agreeing to erect a six-story, iron-front building, at a cost of about one hundred thousand dollars, and to pay the annual (ordinary) city tax on the property. The building is now nearly completed.

In the year 1821 the Society leased from the City Corporation a lot of ground in Chambers Street, near Chatham Street, for sixty years. The lot is ninety-two feet front, by an average depth of thirty-three feet. The Society erected on this ground a building, at a cost of seven thousand dollars, which it occupied for eleven years as its School and Library. It was then rented for two thousand dollars a year, up to May 1st, 1870. The present lease is for three thousand dollars a year.

In 1832 the Society purchased the property, land and building in Crosby Street, which it now occupies with its School and Library, for twenty thousand dollars. The ground is one hundred by one hundred feet. In 1846 they purchased the lot in Broadway, No. 472, which is the key to the present great value of the property in Crosby Street, as it furnishes an entrance to it, and substantially renders the whole plot Broadway property. The Broadway lot is sixteen feet eight inches front, by one hundred feet deep, connecting in the rear with the Crosby Street building. The price of the Broadway lot was nine thousand dollars. It is a coincidence, that the Park Place property and that in Broadway and Crosby Street, should each have cost the Society, in round numbers, just twenty-nine thousand dollars.

The present value of the two parcels of property is:

The Park Place lot, estimated by its rent.....	\$350,000
The Broadway and Crosby Street property, at least.....	150,000
Besides those, the Society owns:	
811 Shares Mechanics' Bank Stock, value..	28,300
United States Bonds.....	47,300
Furniture.....	1,000
Books in Library.....	50,000
Leasehold, Chambers Street.....	12,000
	<hr/>
	\$636,600

There probably is not another benevolent institution in the United States which can show such a financial record as that, and certainly no institution is more deserving of such success.

The officers of the Society are, Adolphus F. Ockerhausen, President; George J. Byrd, First Vice-President; James J. Burnet, Second Vice-President; Daniel D. Wright, Treasurer, and William Van Norden, Secretary and Librarian.

PRESIDENT WOOLSEY, of Yale College, who has been compiling the statistics of divorce, finds that in Vermont the ratio of annual divorces to annual marriages foots up, for seven years, a total of 730 divorces to 15,710 marriages, or a ratio of 1 to 21. In Massachusetts, for a period of four years, there was a total of 1,022 divorces to 45,372 marriages, a ratio of 1 to 44. In Ohio, in 1866, the divorces were 1,169, marriages 30,479, or a ratio of 1 to 27. In Connecticut, in a period of eight years, the divorces foot up 2,910, marriages 33,227, a ratio of 1 to 11. These statistics are so startling, that Governor Jewell, of Connecticut, has been constrained to say, in a public message:

"Our divorce laws, unless changed, bid fair to bring us into disrepute. They are notoriously loose, more so than in any other State except Indiana and Illinois. Divorces may be granted in this State for too many causes—in fact, for almost no cause at all. Discontented and vicious people come here from other States to get divorces, which the more strict legislation of their own States deny, thus creating much scandal, and tarnishing the fair fame of our State. Some marked cases of this kind have occurred the past year, which loudly call for reform in our laws."

In view of the difficulty in empanelling a jury in the case of Foster, the street-car murderer, the Tribune regrets "the endless trifling rendered necessary by the worn-out tradition of the law which requires that a man who sits upon a jury in a case of importance must previously confess himself an idiot." It further remarks, that, while no man would perjure himself in order to convict this assassin, there may be, and probably are, enough of his ruffianly associates to do so in order to acquit him. How long is this wretched mockery of trial by jury to last?

BEFORE the late war, the debt of France was \$2,550,000,000; with the indemnity to be paid to Germany, it is \$5,500,000,000, to which must be added the internal debt contracted during the war—altogether about twice that of the United States. This debt cannot be paid. Austria is a country of uninterrupted deficits; from 1789 to the present time, there has not been a year in which the revenue of the State has equaled its expenditure.

#### SORRY THEY STARTED.

AND "a sorry sight" they present. The daughter, indifferent to all sublunary matters, a limp and helpless victim of the demon seasickness, feebly falling on her father's unkindly shoulder. He, regretting they started, saying, "He knew how it would be," Told her how sick she always was," "Must take the consequences," "She would come," etc., etc.; and valuing seeking consolation in a book, which, of course, he must at once lay aside, and attend to his daughter's sixteenth bout of agony, in her struggle with the "blue, the fresh, the ever free!" "What does she give way for?" He don't! "Why don't she bear it like a man?" He does! "Why would she insist upon coming?" He didn't! "It's always the way with these women! Suffered with my late wife like this! She always would go to sea, and it always disagreed with her; and now I've got to go through another generation of seasickness! Pshaw! Ah!"—and a sudden rush of both father and daughter to the ship's side. Tableau and curtain.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### LONDON.—Opening of the International Exhibition.

The first of "a series of International Exhibitions of the Fine Arts and Industry" was opened at South Kensington, May 1st, by the Prince of Wales, on behalf of the Queen, and was made the occasion of an interesting state pageant. The gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society form the quadrangle, and make a magnificent one; galleries of one and two stories rise as quadrants, connected with the Albert Hall and utilizing the arcades of the Horticultural Society with a portion of the old galleries of the Exhibition of 1862 upon the south. Such is rough idea of the International Exhibition of 1871. The galleries on the garden side are of red brick, faced with terra-cotta; they are meant to be permanent, and fulfill perfectly the purpose for which they were designed by Lieutenant-Colonel Scott; but they form no architectural landmark in South Kensington, which has, indeed, plenty of such distinctions already. In default of the necessary space in the new line of buildings, the chief part of the inaugural ceremony was appointed to be held in the Conservatory of the Royal Horticultural Society, a very graceful and pretty interior, but too small for a pageant in which so many took part, and which so many more vainly wished to

see. All the visitors passed through the Albert Hall and entered the conservatory. The royal party entered about noon. The Prince of Wales and the rest of the party took their position upon the dais, standing in line, with the personages of the Court and the great officers of state behind them. The Prince of Wales had on his right the Countess of Flanders, Prince John of Glucksburg, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince Christian; and on his left Princess Mary, the Count of Flanders, and Prince Teck. Some hundreds of official personages were then presented to the Prince of Wales, approaching the dais in order, and dilling in front of the royal party, the Prince acknowledging the salutation of each by a gracious bow. Then Colonel Scott, the Secretary of the Royal Commissioners, handed their report to the Home Secretary, who presented it to the Prince, who received it on the part of her Majesty. The report having been "taken as read," the Prince, advancing to the edge of the dais, said, in a clear voice, distinctly heard even in the gallery, "On behalf of her Majesty the Queen, I proclaim the International Exhibition now open." His Royal Highness, passing at once to the balcony overlooking the Horticultural Gardens, made proclamation to the same effect to the crowd there assembled. In both cases it was received with cheers, the state trumpets blowing a stirring blast, while, by preconcerted signal, the artillery in the park fired a salute.

##### At Camden Place, Chisellhurst.

A gentleman sixty-three years of age, with a lady and a boy of fifteen, resting in the pleasure-grounds of an English rural mansion—that is the subject of our engraving. It does not seem much; but this gentleman is he, a twelvemonth since was Emperor of the French nation and the most powerful monarch in Europe. Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, lately reigning as Napoleon III, is a man whom history will celebrate, with praise and blame, as frequently and as loudly as any person of our times. His career has been more varied than that of any contemporary sovereign, except King Louis Philippe. We are not inclined here to moralize upon the change in his position, or to display the faults, in himself and in others, which have brought about this change. He is once more in his well-known asylum of England, private gentleman, with his wife and child, living in retirement, and in that respectability which is common to many thousands of others. It cannot be that he should cease to regret the past. But may he neither find nor make any occasion for more regret in the future! He is a student and writer, as well as an actor, of history and historical biography, which must have taught him the real value of an Imperial title. Can we think it worth pursuit or possession, having once sat upon a throne, which perhaps was not so agreeable as his present seat on the Chisellhurst garden-chair?

##### Escaping from Paris by Night—Inhumation of Corpses from the Battlefields near Paris—Welcome in Switzerland to the French Refugees.

Many and varied have been the stratagems employed by the anti-Communist Parisians to get away from their once-adored capital. Some, it is true, have succeeded, but by far the greater majority were discovered in the attempt, and either arrested on the spot and conveyed to Mazas, or let off with a severe caution. Although thus baffled, the prospect of serving in the Commune army and fighting against their own friends and relations was too obnoxious for our anti-Communists not to make another effort for liberty, and accordingly, as our illustration represents them, the more courageous determined to throw aside all rule, and boldly escape from the ramparts. Furnished with a strong rope, and in parties of twos and threes, they cautiously sought for some secluded point, where the watchful eyes of the rampart sentries would not spy them. This found, they would make their cord fast to the ground, or to a friendly post, and swarm down it with all the haste possible, as, should they be descried, a dozen chassepot bullets would be speedily sent after them, and effectually prevent their escape. Once on the ground, they would speedily run out of range, and, carefully avoiding the Federal bivouacs, make the best of their way to the advanced posts of the Versaillists, or their whilom enemies, the Prussians.

The Consulting Committee of Public Hygiene, in Paris, of which MM. Michel Lévy, Busson, and other prominent citizens are members, have been consulting for the purpose of recommending the best means of interring the corpses from the battlefields around Paris, in such a manner as to cause the least interference with the health of the survivors. Many ideas of the highest interest in a hygienic sense have been evolved in these consultations. Finally, it has been resolved to avoid altogether the application of chemicals, and simply dispose the decomposing matter so as to be in the fullest harmony with the reorganizing forces of nature. In this view, tumuli have been raised in convenient spots near the *enclos*, filled with the corpses, and then sown with plants of rapid growth and strongly assimilating with azote, such as sunflower, mustard, and ordinary pasture-grasses.

The fragments of General Clinchante's forces, *internés* in Switzerland, have been well treated by the Swiss; left on the fields of Neuchatel, they were received with welcome and pity, and tenderly nursed by the ladies of the city. The sketch, copied from a drawing by M. Bachelin, representing these ladies washing the feet of the wounded, reproduces one of the most characteristic features of this charity. Meanwhile, in official circles of both nations, the benevolence of the Swiss and gratitude of the French have been recognized in the warmest manner. The Council of State, Canton of Vaud, addresses to the French about to return to their native country a testimonial filled with sympathy and consolation; while, on the other hand, a letter from General Ulric addressed to the entire country of Switzerland, with thanks for the care of 80,000 miserable French soldiers, was gratefully received, and the manuscript bought for a hundred francs by a friendly bourgeois of Berne.

Dr. LEITZERICH, the pathologist, who some time ago published his observations on a fungus, supposed by him to produce diphtheria, has more recently made a series of experiments with another form of fungoid growth which he believes to be the cause of the very infectious disease, whooping-cough. The spores found in the expectorated mucus, causing the irritation and coughing, were allowed to vegetate into large masses, and small portions were then introduced into young rabbits by an opening in the windpipe. The wounds thus made soon healed, but the animal became affected with a violent cough. Several animals thus diseased were killed, and the air passages in each were found to contain very large quantities of similar fungus. These observations, so important to the advocates of the germ theory, have not, as yet, been confirmed by other investigators in the same field.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE Grand Duke of Baden has conferred the Cross of the Zahrener Lion, first class, upon Herr Biše, the well-known music-director.

SIGNOR VERGOR, having closed his engagement with the Nilsson Troupe, returns at once to Europe. His place will be filled by Signor Randolph.

MR. WALTER MONTGOMERY played a round of Shakespearean characters, in the Boston Museum, during the last two weeks, and met with a flattering reception.

MISS ANNA MEHLIG gave a farewell matinee concert, at Steinway Hall, on May 17th, previous to her departure from New York for Europe, assisted by Thomas' fine orchestra.

MR. CHARLES FECHTER is to appear, early in October, at Niblo's, New York, his opening piece being "Monte Cristo." Meanwhile, he is going to spend a few weeks in England.

MRS. MACREADY, the distinguished actress and dramatic reader, will give one of her interesting recitals, at Association Hall, on Thursday, May 26th, for the benefit of the Shepherd's Fold. She will be assisted by the celebrated pianist, Harry Sanderson.

MISS LINA EDWIN'S return to her theatre, in New York, was signalized by her appearance in a drama showing the strong contrasts of English life, entitled "Rank." The play is accompanied by dances and music, and bids fair to enjoy a prosperous run.

A SEASON of Italian opera, limited to five nights and a matinée, was to have commenced at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the evening of the 22d, under the direction of Mr. L. Albite. The company includes Miss Clara Louise Kellogg and Madame Agatha States. but the move is postponed.

AMONG the passengers per steamship *France*, which sailed on the 13th inst., was Frank D. Andrews, well-known in musical circles, being connected with the New York Mendelssohn Union and Madrigal Societies. He goes to the Leipzig Conservatory to complete his education.

THE Abbate Franz Liszt has left Pesth. He goes, in the first instance, to Vienna, where he intends stopping a week. Thence he proceeds to Weimar and Rome. He will pass some part of the summer in Szegszard, and then in the autumn return to his usual professional duties.

"JACK SHEPPARD" has succeeded "Horizon" at the Olympic Theatre, New York, with Miss Harriand in the title rôle, and Mr. George L. Fox in the character of the henpecked husband, Mr. Wood. The piece is full of excitement, and the leading incidents of the celebrated thief's career are brought out in vivid colors.

"FIREFLY" LOTTA made a very favorable impression on the people of St. Louis, Mo., during her late engagement. On the 5th of May, she was presented with a heavy gold Maltese cross, set with a large diamond in the centre, by the Knights Templars, for whose benefit she gave one of her charming performances.

THE engagement of Mr. Charles Mathews, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, will terminate on the 3d of June. Those who wish to enjoy the real and memorable pleasure of seeing one of the best actors of the age, should, therefore, take advantage of the fair occasion. Mr. Mathews will appear at the Globe Theatre, in Boston, or the 5th of June.

OLE BULL gave a concert at the Academy of Music, New York, May 18th, before a large number of the great violinist's friends. His "Concerto in A," his "Mother's Prayer," his arrangement of the "Carnival of Venice," and other pieces, were received with high marks of approval. Miss Cassie Renz sang her usual selections—the "Caro Nome," "O luce di quest'anima," and Venzano Waltz—getting out her high G sharp with the usual neatness.

MR. JOSEPH MURPHY's new piece, entitled "Help," has attracted large audiences to Wood's Museum, and is a capital medium for displaying the actor's versatility. His rôle embraces a number of characters, each being a study in itself, and he invests them with a pleasing grace and naturalness. The scene where the villain attempts to take the life of the heroine by burning her with kerosene, and covering his guilt by breaking the lamp, and so disposing of his pieces that the idea shall be conveyed that her death was the result of accidental explosion, is highly exciting.

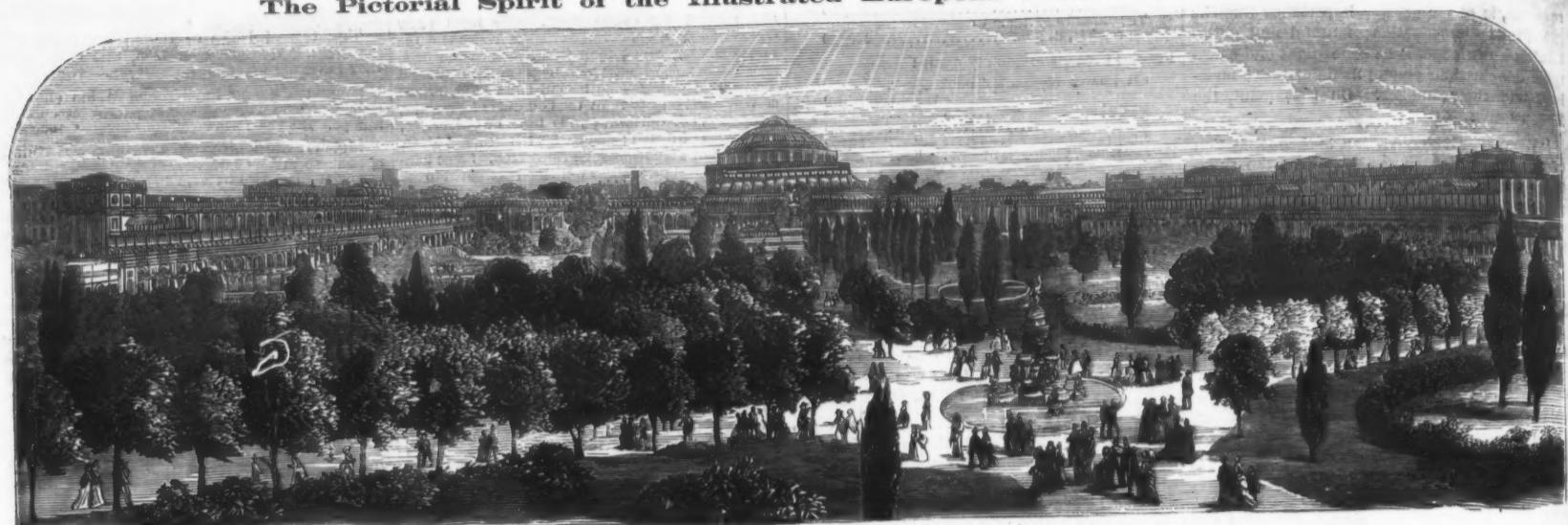
MONSIEUR LOUIS JULIEN announces a series of Concerts, or Fêtes d'Eté, Vocal and Instrumental, at the Terrace Gardens, 55th Street and Lexington Avenue, to commence on Friday, the 26th. An excellent Orchestra, Solo Instruments and popular Singers have been engaged. M. Julien inherits all the famous and effective orchestral scores of his father, the celebrated chef d'orchestre—the Julien. He possesses also his father's happy talent of pleasing the public taste, and we may look forward to some delightful entertainments. The gardens have been rearranged and newly decorated, and the scheme promises abundant success.

THE season of opéra-bouffe at the Grand Opera House, New York, closed on Saturday last. During the long season, the programme has been greatly varied, several operas being given in a single week. The season closed with the production of "Le Petit Faust," the opera which inaugurated it. The greatest hits were Silly's "Petit Faust" and "Brigands," Almée's "Périchole," and, as for Persin, good in everything, she has been the sweetest singer of the troupe, if not the handsomest. After a brief engagement at the Boston Theatre, the company will go to Cincinnati, to open the New Opera House in that city. A pantomime troupe, under the management of Mr. Mark Smith, takes possession of the Grand Opera House, New York, May 22d, bringing out the "Three Hunchbacks."

MR. ALBITES favored the lovers of Italian opera with the production of the "Sicilian Vespers" at the Academy of Music, New York, May 19th. The first of the five acts passed off rather quietly; but in the second, "Giovanni di Procida's air," "O Tu Palmero," recited by Signor Susini, produced an excellent effect. In the third scene, the duet between Signor Villani and Mrs. States, commencing, "Presso alla Tomba," was more striking still, and the soprano's very difficult cadenzas awoke actual enthusiasm. In the third act, the tenor and base duet, "Mentre con Tempio," was admirably delivered by Signor Villani and Signor Susini, while the finale was done with precision and power. In act the fourth, the cavatina, "Giorno e Planto," was sung with much sentiment by Signor Villani; and the duet, "O Dolce Raggio," for soprano and tenor, was rendered with all desirable energy.

"KIT; OR, THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER," is realizing a success at Niblo's Garden, New York, which is liberally deserved. The drama is one of the

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See PRECEDING PAGE.



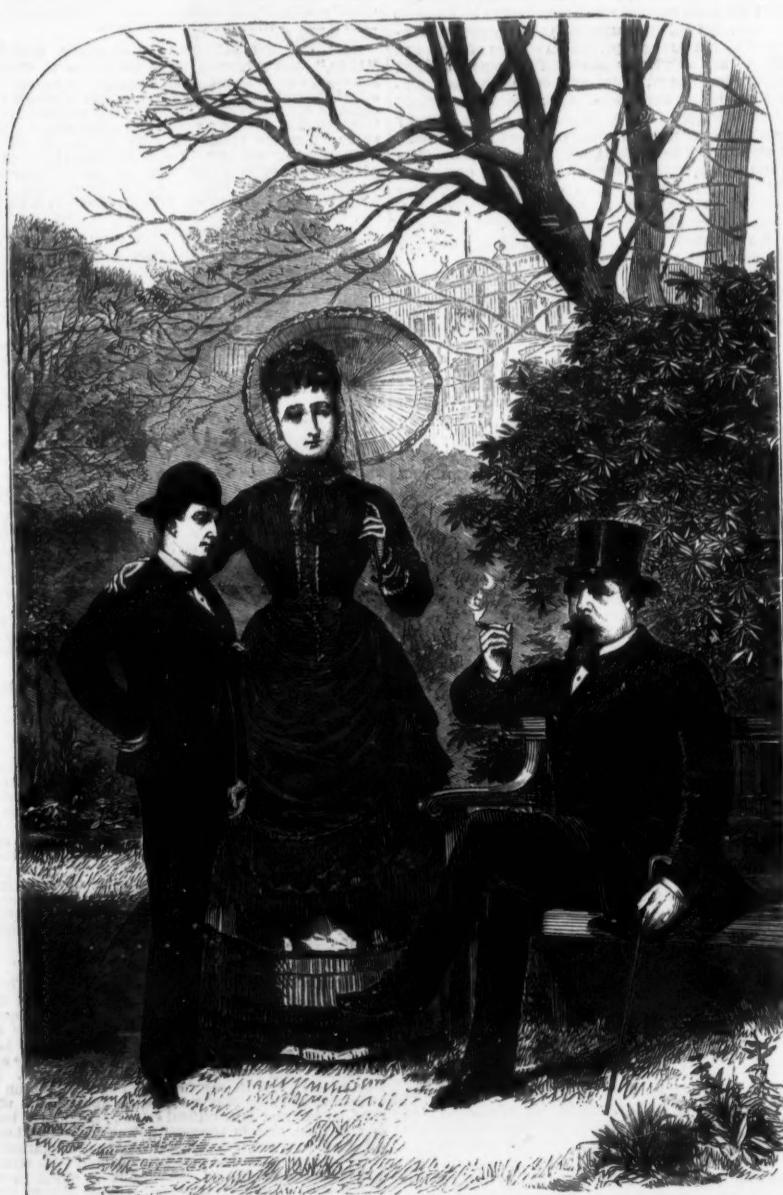
LONDON.—THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION BUILDINGS, SOUTH KENSINGTON, AS SEEN FROM THE GARDEN.



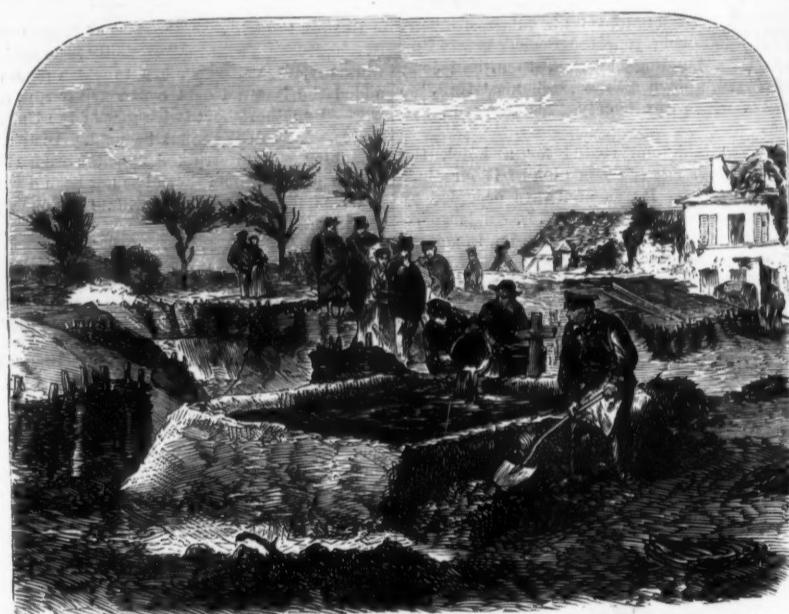
LONDON.—OPENING CEREMONY AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, SOUTH KENSINGTON, MAY 1ST.



PARIS.—ESCAPING OVER THE RAMPARTS BY NIGHT.



ENGLAND.—THE EX-EMPEROR AND FAMILY AT CHISELHURST.



PARIS.—INHUMATION OF CORPSES FROM THE BATTLEFIELDS NEAR THE CAPITAL.



SWITZERLAND.—LADIES OF NEUCHATEL WASHING THE FEET OF FRENCH WOUNDED.

THE LIFE AND  
EXECUTION OF  
E. H. RULLOFF.

The execution of Edward H. Bulloff, at Binghamton, N. Y., on Thursday, May 18th, for the murder of Frederick A. Mirick, about nine months previous, closed a career full of mystery and interest. Since his conviction of the murder, his character as a profound philological student has been the subject of comment, while various incidents in his life of fifty years have been developed with a view of presenting his case to the world as that of a peculiarly remarkable man. With all his varied attainments to enlist public sympathy, there has been an intense mystery connected with his history that is now beyond the scope of solution.

He was born in 1819, at Hammond River, New Brunswick, of German parents, and at the age of fourteen his mind seems to have grasped an idea that he had a great destiny to fulfill in reducing to clear facts a lingual theory that would render the study of languages of far more ease and pleasure than any system then in operation. His reading was thorough, and while he sought to find in the Greek language a basis for his particular theory, he gave much attention to works of a materialistic character—the results of which were seen in every subsequent phase of his eventful career, even to the act which terminated it. He studied pharmacy for a business, but failing to find it congenial, took up the study of the law, thoroughly mastered its principles, and qualified himself for the highest practice at the Canadian bar. With prospects unusually auspicious for a young man, he then turned from his studies and profession, and committed a theft for which he was sent to the St. John's Penitentiary for two years. In 1842 he engaged himself as a common canal-driver, at Dryden, Tompkins County, N. Y., and shortly after relinquished that work and took charge of a school kept in the house of a gentleman named



EDWARD H. RULLOFF, SCHOLAR AND MURDERER.

Schutt. A mutual affection sprang up between the teacher and Harriet Schutt, an exemplary girl of sixteen; and, though her parents evinced strong objections, the two were married. His thieving propensities becoming too well known, he left the place, removed to Lansing, near Ithaca, and entered upon the practice of medicine.

His greatest crimes then commenced. He murdered his wife and babe, driving their bodies from the house in a chest, which, he stated, was filled with books, and sinking them in Cayuga Lake. Suspicions having centred upon him, he was watched, and, failing to account satisfactorily for the absence of his wife and child, an investigation was held; the murderer fled, was pursued, captured, and taken back to Ithaca. The bodies of his victims had not been found, and the District-Attorney of Tompkins County knew that, therefore, it would be impossible to prove murder, and the man was arraigned, in 1846, and tried at the Court of Oyer and Terminer, for the abduction of his wife. The trial resulted in his being sentenced to ten years of hard labor in prison. In 1848, an indictment for murder was obtained against him, to be used when his term of imprisonment should expire, in 1856; and when the day of liberation came, he was tapped on the shoulder by the Sheriff of Tompkins County, just as he was receiving his discharge, taken to Ithaca, and again lodged in jail. At the April term of the Supreme Court the case came on for trial, and the prisoner appeared as his own counsel. It was evident, again, that he could not be brought in guilty, as the body had never been found. But even then a new indictment for the murder of his child was found against him; he was found guilty on circumstantial evidence, and sentenced to death. A stay of proceedings was obtained, and he lay for a while in the jail of Tompkins County, where he became acquainted with Albert T. Jarvis, the jailer's son, whom he corrupted, and for whose subsequent

death he is morally responsible. With the assistance of this youth, he escaped from prison, in May, 1857, and was followed by Jarvis. He lived quite secluded, and under assumed names, for a short time; was again arrested, threatened with lynch law, and escaped through legal technicalities advanced by himself. His next noticeable adventure was his appearance at Red Creek, Wayne County, Pa., as a German linguist and portrait-painter, making many friends by his accomplishments. In 1861 he was lodged in Sing Sing Prison for a burglary, and there made the acquaintance of William T. Dexter, with whom and Jarvis, before-mentioned, he formed a partnership, which, on their release, was made active with villainies of all kinds. In 1866, Bulloff and Jarvis were in New York city, both under assumed names. In 1868, he began his work on "Method in the Formation of Language." In 1869, he came with Jarvis to this city; and took up his residence at No. 170 Third Avenue, the house of Mr. Conrad Jakob, where he went by the name of Professor E. Leurio, Jarvis taking the name and style of Charles G. Curtis, commercial traveler. His life was quiet, and he seemed to the Jakobs a great scholar and a man of amiable disposition. The next appearance in public of this strange man was at Binghamton, where he was tried for the murder of Frederick A. Mirick, a clerk in the dry-goods store of the Halbert Brothers, the particulars of which are too well known for repetition here. Dexter and Jarvis were associated with him in the burglary and murder of Mirick, and the drowned bodies of each were found in the Chenango River.

The days of his prison life were spent upon his philological works, in the belief that a respite would be given. The last hours were used in mingling his peculiar ideas of the basis of all languages with ribald jokes, and expressions of utter unconcern.

He died as he lived, strong in the conviction of his own greatness, exhibiting rare nerve and stubbornness.



GENERAL LUDWIG VON DER TANN.—SEE PAGE 196.



REV. CHARLES E. CHENEY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM STAW,  
CHICAGO.—SEE PAGE 196.

## JOHN JASPER'S SECRET:

BEING A NARRATIVE OF CERTAIN EVENTS FOLLOWING AND EXPLAINING

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

CHAPTER VII.—(continued).

BLACK TOMBOY waits, too, again retired under his bench, where he pants heavily as if with much exertion, and whether or not possessing any knowledge of the personality waited for, it will need some one more learned than Buffon or Cuvier to decide.

Not long before another figure comes up the

watches him—no longer, for the time, Black Tomboy, of the generous breed and the noble instincts. Something in that which he carries in his mouth, unguessed by the less intelligent human brutes who touch it, influences him and his whole being. He does not walk erect, with the long swinging stride of his race: he rather crawls, with every leg at tension, and the body bent low to the ground. But he goes on, very swiftly in spite of his altered gait, to the spot indicated, some two hundred yards beyond the hut. He drops his burthen there, with a growl which the boy rather imagines than hears at that distance,—and becomes Black Tomboy again instantly, in his fullest development. If there are avenging furies in dog-mythology, and if they have the unpleasant habit

into one of the pockets of his coat, with an energy like that of anger; then removes his hat, and draws his hand across his brow, with the motion of one wiping away heavy perspiration in that uncleanly manner; then staggers away from the net-reel and resumes the path towards the town, with his head bent much lower than when he came, and certain stumblings which denote that the eyes are not looking at the way he is traversing—rather gazing into space, the future, the terrible, and the unknown.

And well they may do so—those eyes. For who can measure that undescribed horror, the Rising of the Buried? What torture had Macbeth, in a mentality which we must believe to have been keen and sensitive, like that of the

sects us, most surely may be counted that which sees a loved one pained in body or in mind, and yet lacks power to counteract disheartening influences, except as physical disease, beyond the doctor's skill, may be alleviated, hour by hour. To many a man—and all the more because the heart was tender to the faintest touch of sympathy—the task of sitting by some loved one's bed, witnessing pain there was no power to soothe, has been a sorer trial of the courage than marching up to any battery or daring elements in wildest strife. And if, as is certain, this is true of bodily disease, a thousand times more painful must it always be to sit beside the sick-bed of the soul, and have no power to still its murmurings. For doing this so better far than man has power to do—for being ever and again that ministering angel who has courage not to flee away when only fiercest ravings or most weak complaints repay the efforts of unwearied care—for these, if nothing more stood to her credit in the great account, would woman be superior far to man, and worthy of the crown of Love as matched against his diadem of Strength.

Helena Landless, though she may scarcely have thrown into so many words the reflections connected with her situation at this period, cannot well have avoided becoming aware how circumstances had placed her in one of the most difficult of positions, little suited to her young life and inexperience,—and how most difficult of all must be the task of winning back her brother to the hope and strength which seemed to have gone out of him like a lost quality.

It might have seemed to be enough, surely, that the young girl, so lately without a care beyond those connected with the unfortunate circumstances of her early life, should have come, in so brief a space, to carrying in her bosom the heart of a widow, who had not only never been wedded, but had not even been wooed; enough, yet more surely, that with this should have been combined that fearful duty to which in the exercise of her highest conscientiousness she had set herself—at once to avenge the man she had loved and protect the one remaining dearest to her; it seemed more than enough that at this period she should be called upon to meet and combat, in its worst form, the mental disease of that remaining dearest one whom she was changing sexes to protect.

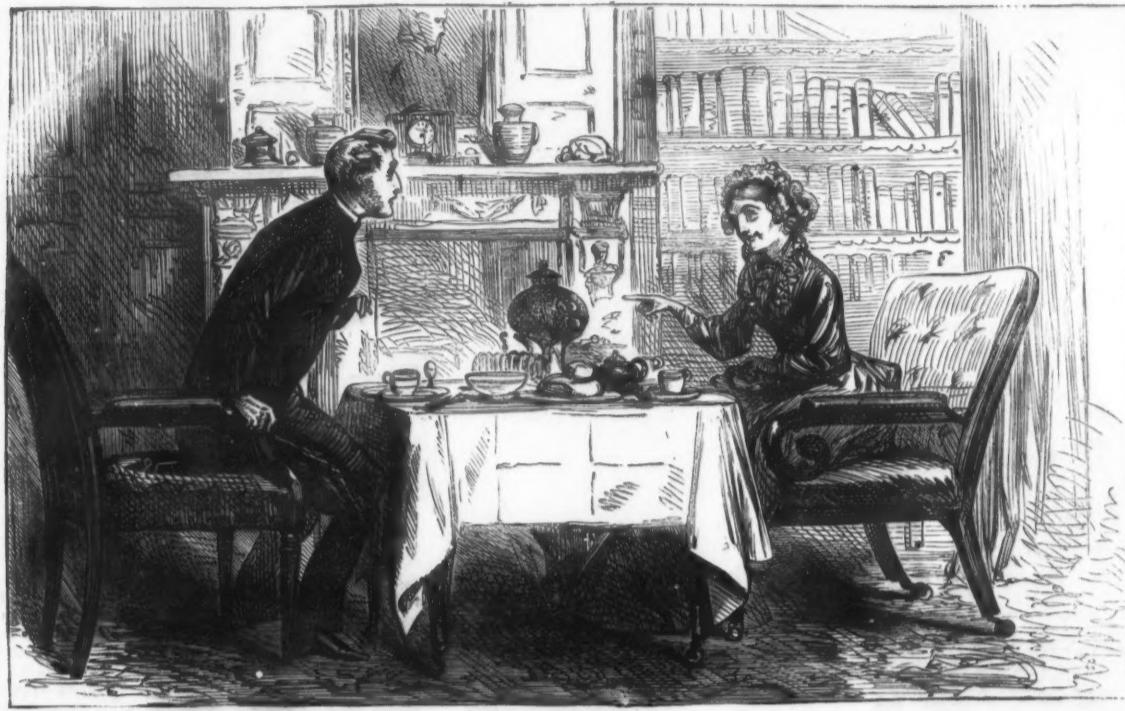
For Neville Landless was, at this time, utterly and thoroughly broken down, in spite of the efforts made to prevent that issue of his wrongs, by both Mr. Grewgious and Mr. Crisparkle, and in spite of the untiring devotion of his sister, which seemed to subordinate all other thoughts and wishes to his will. That constitutional irascibility, of which the clenched hand had given Mr. Crisparkle even better evidence than his words, had been rather supplemented than replaced by the melancholy and discouragement succeeding his arrest and disgrace. He followed, with almost painful assiduity, the course of reading marked out for him by the clergyman and superintended by the lawyer; but he did so more than half mechanically, and with the very slightest influence produced upon his mentality. He held the same invincible objection as at first to appearing in the light of day, even when there could be no probability of his meeting any person who had previously known him—so that only occasionally at night, and then under the urgent persuasion of his sister, he quitted at all his place under the roof, where he might be said to have nested like a wounded bird of the eaves.

He was subject to long fits of moody abstraction, during which not a word could be won from him, for hours, by the most tender solicitude; and these were varied, not seldom, by other fits bearing something of the character of paroxysms, and marked by restless stridings of his little room, his face dark, troubled, and threatening, his hands often beating together in what seemed impotent rage, and his whole action that of a caged animal blinding unconquerable impatience at its confinement with fear of anything lying beyond it.

What had become, now, of that silent sympathy between the twin brother and sister, spoken of as a harmless boast, in those first days at Cloisterham, and of which only the truth has been told in stating that through its means each divided the thought of the other, nearly always without the utterance of a word? Alas!—another truth must be told of this tenderest of all the relations of life—that there are certain conditions under which only the twin-beings can retain their full intimacy of communion—and that the first of those conditions, in their instance, had been broken. No other and dearer tie, however different, must come between the two persons of this pre-natal compact, or both are changed thenceforth. And such an interposition had come to each; both Helena Landless and her brother loved.

Loved, how unfortunately, what words can say? It had been the fate of the sister to conceive a passion for a man already betrothed, that betrothal only broken the very hour before his murder. It had been the fate of the brother to conceive a similar passion for a woman standing in the same relation, and from whom, when released by that murder, he neither dared to look on nor ask for one answering throb. His shame had come in the accusation of his committing that very murder in jealous rage for her; and if love between them could thenceforth be possible, would he not seem to be trampling upon the dead in breathing a word of that love, at whatever distance of time? Truly, it did not seem easy to conceive of two who had more signally wrecked themselves in a few weeks and a first venture, than the occupants of the two rooms under the roof at Staple Inn!

What words had she, self-appointed the comforter, with which to comfort him, the discouraged and the disconsolate? Fewer even than she might have found at the day of his first coming. Was there no opportunity, then, that some day in the future would arrive, in which she would have at least the privilege of showing to him in darker and worst-discouraged hours, Rosa, recovered at last from the shock of Edwin Drood's death, freed from her lingering apprehension of John Jasper, and remembering the unfortunate engagement as only one of the episodes of a school-girl's life, learning to love her brother, and come to be so much better a companion and consoler than herself? And had she not really hoped to be able to use that argument for patience—that proof of so much yet remaining and being worth striving for? But of this, what was left now? That had happened, complained of so often in another shape, by fathers and mothers who have surrounded darling daughters with the utmost wealth of parental love, to find each of them swept away, almost



THE CHINA SHEPHERDESS MAKES AN ACCUSATION.

river-side path from the direction of the town. The two at the bench see him, as they saw the other. The face of Little Crawshe takes on a painful mingling of fear and dislike; and Tomboy, his attention drawn in the same direction, indulges in a single low growl that would not be pleasant to listen to in the event of man and dog being confronted. Then the boy slides down from the bench, and makes a motion and says, "Come!" to the dog, who thereupon follows with certain symptoms that he would prefer maintaining his position; and the two disappear, not into the hut, but behind it—into the covert of a miserable little cooking-shed, with abundant loopholes at the rear.

The figure approached nearer, and it then became evident that the personality alluded to by Mr. Datchery and Little Crawshe, under the single word "he," must have been that of Mr. John Jasper. For he it is, easily recognizable at a considerable distance, in spite of a certain haggardness of face and a certain hollowness of eye, not visible in either seven months before, though even then that evil tree was planted, now bearing the fruit of Sodom. There are to be discovered, too, by a close observer, a little stoop in the shoulder, and a certain dropping forward of the head, as if the man is not able to walk quite so erect before his fellow-men; but only the close observer could see so much, and to most whom he chances to meet he seems ordinarily hearty and vigorous.

He comes still nearer, walking at easy gait and with the air of one used to the pathway and susceptible to the pleasant influences of the summer evening; though occasionally he glances round him a little uneasily, as one might do who had suspicions of being followed or too closely observed. This, until he passes the line of the hut, when the head seems to rise more erect, the step to become firmer, and the gait to be noticeably faster, while the nervous glances around cease altogether. And so he passes on beyond the hut, only the black-clothed back now exposed to view, and begins to disappear behind the foot of the same rise which has so lately hidden Mr. Datchery, bending up to the left, between the Weir and the chalk-pits.

Then occurs something marking another phase in the relations between Little Crawshe and the man with the white hair, but quite as forcibly illustrating that debateable line in intelligence separating the human and the animal. The fisherman's boy, the dog at his side, peeps from the covert of the shed to see that "he" is disappearing behind the rise. Only "his" head is visible: "he" is out of sight altogether. He speaks: "Tomboy, pay attention!" and the white-spotted black statue starts into vigorous life, wagging his heavy tail and throwing up his nose in expectation. Little Crawshe takes from his pocket, with his single hand, the scarf placed there by Mr. Datchery, and holds it for a moment, with "See this, and smell it!" The dog lays his nose against the pendant woven silk, and utters a growl of rage as he does so, at the same time looking up into his master's eyes with an expression needing at least two natural histories to define. "Take this up the path, there, t' other side the reel, leave it, and come back to me!" The dog turns aside his head, and opens his jaws to receive the parcel, as a carrier, into that peculiar dog-pocket with no visible bottom, constructed by freaksome nature—but shivers all over, as if with a sudden chill; sniffs it, growls angrily, and seems to refuse the commission. "Naughty dog! Bad Tomboy! Tomboy must be whipped, and have no supper!" The dog, with another shiver and a whimper, again turns aside his head, and opens his mouth, taken into it the scarf in the four folds arranged by the hand of the boy, and moves away in the direction for which he has received orders.

But he is no longer, for the present, as Little Crawshe stands at the corner of the shed and

of pursuing members of the canine race at quadruple the speed of the Limited Mail, their chances of overtaking Tomboy before he reaches the shelter of his young master's presence, would be slight indeed. His legs seem to be four wings, and his tail has become a rudder for a flying-machine. He leaps, bounds, literally flies; and only an instant elapses before he is back with Little Crawshe behind the hut, growling his late terror, shivering a little, again, and only half compensated for what has evidently been the most unpleasant duty of his whole dog-life, by the smile of his master, the approving pat of his one uncoupled hand, and the pleasant reversal of the late conditional sentence, which may have been held as a virtual "suspension of judgment," pending after-behaviour. "Good dog! Fine old Tomboy! He shall have supper."

It would seem that among the arrangements made between Mr. Datchery and Little Crawshe, preceding the brief meeting at the door of the hut, there must have been some order incorporated, to watch the fate of the scarf after its deposit on the path; and possibly the spot at which it was to be deposited may have had some reference to keeping it in view; for the fisherman's boy does not leave his post of observation with the return of the dog, but watches—watches—watches, this time the up-river way of the path, by which "he" has disappeared, and by which he may be expected to return.

His watch is broken by an unheeded call from drudge Exty, from the interior of the hut, to come in to supper—and again by a momentary disappearance into the hut, to possess himself of an old sea-glass, long ago given to fisherman Crawshe by a captain whom he had served, and who had been presented with a better. It seems doubtful whether, with his single hand, he can either arrange this cumbersome aid to vision, or hold it in position at the moment when its aid may be needed; but that point can be better decided after witnessing the experiment.

And his watch certainly lasts longer than might have been expected. Possibly, Mr. John Jasper may have been feeding his love of nature with the music of falling waters at the Weir, or making that spot, where the watch and breast-pin of his dear boy were discovered, a perpetual new point of departure in his quest after the murderer. At all events, he does not come back too soon for purposes of close observation; for the first faint shadows of dusk, even in the long summer twilight, are falling when Little Crawshe sees him emerge from behind the foot of the rise, and walk rapidly on towards the town.

Black Tomboy, perhaps fatigued by the mental and physical strain of his late exertions, or dreamily musing on the inferiority of men to dogs as a race, lies with his big head between his great paws, his eyes closed, and supposedly unaware of the returning presence.

Suddenly the boy-watcher, who has managed to bring the old sea-glass into focus and range, with the one hand displaying almost the dexterity of two—sees John Jasper pause, as one might do who saw either a serpent or a jewel in his path—stopped by either Danger or Temptation. Then he sees him, after a moment, make a dash forward and hurriedly pick up the scarf, running it immediately thereafter through his fingers, and bringing one of the ends close to his eyes, as if in search of some mark capable of identifying it. Then he sees him half drop it from his hand and stagger back, as one who has received a sudden blow in the face. Then he observes that he staggers against the net-reel, which stands not far from the path, and appears to be suffering from some convulsion which shakes him like an ague. Then he seems to recover from the worst phase of his spasm, by a violent effort, which brings his hands to his throat—the scarf falling to the

unbidden sitting of Banquo at his table? And what, for John Jasper—what have these mute witnesses of a deed more carefully and calculatingly committed than any other in all the long annals of crime, to do with the outer world from which they were once so effectually buried? Two days since, the wallet with the very name of the "dear boy!" to-day the scarf, damnably the same, as the initials give only too certain evidence! If these are loose in the world, what else may not be? What a farce is closest concealment, what a mockery the very name of security! And whence and how all this? Has natural—dreadful thought—in some, convolution broken through all laws that held the hidden and the secret close, so that to-morrow—or, why not tonight?—the folly of past ages may become the awful wisdom of the present day, and spectres haunt all places where the hand of crime has done its undiscovered work? Or is human malice—thought no less dreadful!—playing even more cunningly than the hand of crime itself? Is suspicion abroad, with material proof in its hand? Is justice aroused? Which way to turn, in a labyrinth become too thick for sight or judgment? How to know the truth—but that miserable best which yet remains, or that unnamed worst which every new development renders more probable? Ah, there remains one refuge still—the drug, Opium—its blackest dreams are paradise to that accursed world of real life, which always opens at some foredoomed hour to guilt!

Certainly Mr. Datchery, if, instead of being a single buffer of easy disposition and idle habits, living on his means, and merely seeking Cloisterham for its antique picturesqueness and inconvenience, he was the most acute, the most persistent, and the most unscrupulous of revengeful foes—could scarcely invent a more exquisite torture of punishment for his victim, than that upon which he appears to be stumbling in the mere development of his indolent but somewhat medlesome good-nature!

But what is this which John Jasper sees, through the gathering dusk, when he is well down the river, opposite the ruined monastery, and entering the town? He seems to feel it, as he rather totteringly reels and plunges forward than walks with his usual step. It seems black, and it bears, through the obscurity, something like the shape of a dog. It keeps a certain distance behind him, on the path and afterwards in the street—a certain distance: no more, no less. He pauses: it stops. He goes on: it follows. Once he musters courage to pick up a stone, against which he has touched his foot, and to throw it at the shape of fear: it utters no sound, gives no token of molestation—only stops when he pauses, and follows when he goes on. He sees it—or thinks he sees it—following him, at the same certain distance, to the very archway of the Gate House. He is doubtful, as he goes up the postern stair, enters and shuts the door, whether he shall find that he has left it behind him; but he seems to have done so, for it is not in the room. No—it is not—it cannot be; for, looking from the window, towards the Close, as he draws the curtain that now shuts away so little, he sees it dimly through the thickening dusk, apparently at the same distance from him as before, sitting erect and looking at that window!

What is it? he asks himself, as he strikes a light and falls half-fainting into his chair. What is it?—a dog of actual life, thus following him?—a mere phantom of the imagination, conjured by that foolish something equally black in his pocket?—or a ban dog of hell, hunting him silently to his doom?

CHAPTER VIII.

ALL THE DAUGHTERS OF HER FATHER'S HOUSE.  
AMONG the ills most difficult to bear, of the long catalogue to which the holding of affection sub-

beyond their knowledge and quite beyond their control, in some fateful hour, by the coming of a mere stranger. The anxious sister had suspected—she knew only too well, now: Tartar had come, brown as some tropical fruit of which the outside gave only the least promise of the luscious feast within; fresh and reviving in character and conversation, as she remembered some of the breezes of the very tropics of which he would speak: Tartar had come; the empty heart was empty no longer; Neville Landless' chances of winning her, if any he had ever possessed, were beyond recall; and on that one possible ray of light in the future, darkness had closed down for ever. Really there seemed little left with which to cheer and comfort the discouraged; and it needed no less than one of the Florence Nightingales of the hospitals of daily life, to remain by that figurative bedside of a wounded spirit.

So stood affairs between the young man, his sister and his narrow world, when they returned, late one evening, from a walk into which she had succeeded in persuading him—that walk, taking, oddly enough, not the Oxford and Regent Street directions, into which she was in the habit of drawing him whenever possible, but leading them through the doubtful neighbourhoods of Soho and the Seven Dials. Perhaps the poor young fellow felt that he faltered less, moving among scenes of poverty and misery, than where more of luxury and enjoyment met his view: perhaps he was being led by paths which he did not understand, towards that eventually to form his life-work and lift him above all which then seemed so cruel in the providence of God.

He had been unusually silent, even for him, during their absence from the house; and when they returned to his own room; and Helena bent herself to amuse and interest him there, the same tendency continued until chased away by something quite as alarming. For many moments he sat, in the most hopeless of postures, his head upon his hand and apparently heedless altogether of the pitying face so near his own; then a quick shudder ran over his frame, he dashed away the hair that had fallen over his eyes, sprang to his feet with something half uttered, that Helena trembled to believe a curse—and commenced striding rather than walking the floor of his apartment, with that right hand clenched as Mr. Crisparkle had seen and reprobated it, months before, and with all the more dangerous elements of his character evident in set lip and lowering brow.

"Neville!—brother! what excites you so fearfully? and why will you not speak to me?" at length asked the sister, after this angry stride of the room had continued for many moments.

"Because I am not fit to speak to you, or to any one," was the answer, coming apparently through clenched teeth. "Because there is murder in my heart, and I think I only need opportunity to prove that the worst they have said of me is true."

"Neville!—brother!" the sister repeated, in a tone that now blended alarm with her anxiety. "What do you—what can you mean? Are you tired of me, and is it me whom you wish to kill by becoming so unlike yourself?"

"To kill you? No!" he answered, for that one moment softened by the word. "No, you know that I would give my life for yours, if there was the least occasion for the sacrifice. But how do you know?"—and he still kept on with clenching hand, and striding foot—"how do you know that I am 'becoming so unlike myself,' as you call it? What if I should be merely becoming *myself*?—throwing off all the shams and pretensions in which I have been wrapped even from you, and merely showing you the combination of weak fool and incarnate devil that I really am? They have accused me of being a murderer—if they have not put the brand of Cain on my brow, they have at least made me feel something like it burning there; and I look in the glass, sometimes when you do not see me, and wonder whether there is not a stain that will by-and-by become visible to all eyes!"

"Oh, Neville! Neville!—my brother!"

But still he did not heed her, and went on, unceasing alike in his walk and in the torrent of mad words accompanying.

"Hush! do not interrupt me, for I know what I am saying, better than you. What if they were right after all?"

"Neville!"

The word did not come, as the preceding ones had done, as expressive of mere alarm and anxiety: it came out hardly and with a fearful effort, through lips that seemed to be frozen with horror. She repeated it, with an addition which at last arrested the foot of the reckless promenader. "Neville!—my God!—what do you mean?"

He saw, as he turned, the wild expression of his eyes: that compounding of ferocity and dread which might so easily amalgamate to Hate. He saw her clutch at the back of the chair by which she was standing: she, who never before, in all his life with her, had faltered in nerve or given sign of being moved quite beyond herself. Great fires, they say, extinguish little ones: the agony on that face recalled the half-mad man to himself in a moment; and as he caught her in his arms he said:

"Helena! Sister! What is it? What have I said or done, to move you so?"

"What if they were right, after all?" She repeated the words that he had used only the moment before, and with the same indefinable hardness in the intonation, as if the lips that uttered them were really stiffened by some overwhelming revulsion that could only be horror. And she did not come into his embrace, as he attempted to draw her—for the first time since they had been old enough to know the endearing names of brother and sister.

"Helena! Sister! what is it?"

She did not reply, again: she leaned back against the wall near which they were standing, closed her eyes and tried to think, while the reckless and half-unconscious cause of that agony watched her with a horrified fear only second to her own.

What was it? Simply this—nothing more nor less. For that one moment, the brother of Helena Landless, uttering words for which he had neither necessity nor warrant—dangerous and irresponsible as any madman—had stricken her to the heart with a fear that he had indeed been the murderer of Edwin Drood!

Impossible!—let no man say. There are no impossibilities in the career of madness, or in that of its kin, reckless imprudence. Nor from this hour until the Day of Doom, let any dream of characters so pure—or places in the world's esteem so high—of love so perfect in the dearest hearts as should inspire implicit confidence, that the holier may not weaken or destroy the one or the other by his

own word or deed. If the worst foes of a man are those of his own household, so his worst and most dangerous manifestations may be those of his own lips—lips for which the command: "Thou shalt not bear false witness!" have an application as important, if not as general, to false witness against one's self as against a fellow-man. The world is old enough to have done with the hideous masks with which cruel boys start out from doorways and frighten their sisters or some group of younger children; and it may be old enough to learn another and not-less-needed lesson of that *property in manhood* which no one has a right to profit, even temporarily, either in braggadocio, passion, recklessness, or mock-humility.

Incredible that the sister could even for one moment have doubted? Perhaps not—all things considered. What guarantee had she, more than others, of his innocence? The knowledge of what she believed to be his disposition—and his own words of horror and loathing of the crime? Ah! here were the very words of his own mouth—why not as possible to believe as the others?—proclaiming the fact that he had no horror or loathing of the crime—that he had, as he himself phrased it, "murder in his heart;" that his real self was not his better self, but that ungovernable and savage animal impulse; that those "might have been right, after all," who laid the weight of blood upon his head!

This not for long: it could not be for long, without something occurring to one or both, for which no time could ever yield a compensation. Helena Landless, still standing and still half out of that offered embrace, opened the eyes that had been closed in that interval of miserable thought, and looked into the face of her brother. Then she came nearer, while he stood silent and surprised—put both hands on his two shoulders, and looked deep into the eyes that had been a study to her own faithful orbs since childhood. And as she looked, the great horror rolled away. No—the brother of her love might be mad, but he could not be—was not a murderer, even with his own fearful words as his accusers! No—she had wronged him beyond forgiveness, even in that momentary thought! Had she before been devoted to him?—she must be doubly devoted now, after having done him a wrong, of which she almost thought—uncalculating and generous soul!—that instead of merely entertaining it for one lightning instant in her own mind, she had thrown it out into the world and done him injury beyond recall!

So it was that the handsome tawny eyes changed back from their expression of doubt and terror, to one of affection unutterable. And so it was that she went into the embrace before half-refused, kissed him fondly, and said with more than all her past tenderness,—

"Poor old boy! how weak and nervous you have grown! and how you almost frighten me sometimes, when you fall into these dreadful moods!"

And he? What was the effect upon him, of this culmination of morbid passion, and its result? Diseases of the mind, more than any others afflicting humanity, often require violent remedies—as maniacs have been found restored to reason under shocks that might have been sufficient to dement the sane. And such a shock had Neville Landless experienced, whether he had or had not read the whole awful truth for one moment revealed by his sister's eyes. He had terribly shocked and pained her—that was quite enough to know. He had seemed for one instant on the verge of losing her love—of becoming to her a thing of fear and distrust: that was more than enough to probe him to the very bottom of his being, and to throw into shape and form resolutions of endurance before only too crude and general.

"Forgive me, sister, as you have forgiven me so often! and I will try never again to pain you so much by my wild words and my mad actions." This he said, and this was all that he could say, as his arms closed around the lithe waist in that answering embrace; and then, as the young girl disengaged herself, after a few words more of fondness and reassurance, he walked away to the window and looked out upon the summer night, leaving her to busy herself with some detail of his apartment that needed setting in order before leaving it for her own. He looked around, after a few moments, and she was gone—strangely enough, without having said good night. So he resumed his watch from the window, over the dusky roofs and the scattered lights of the great city—portions and details of labyrinth which fitly seemed to typify his own life, that had neither object nor prospect—but realizing more closely than he had ever before done, the besotted folly of that man who, lost in such a labyrinth, should merely moan and make no effort at finding his way, or of failing to make use of those lights, blind and confused at first, but the most intelligible of guiding stars to the careful and the initiated. Then he heard what he supposed her returning step, after a few additional minutes, looked around again, and found an unbidden and unannounced stranger, who had taken that opportunity of intruding himself, in spite of the locked doors leading to the hall-way!

He was of spare figure and middle height, with handsome dark face and intelligent expression; and he wore dark clothes bespeaking him that cross between the gentleman and the young man employed in some description of trade, the most difficult of all classes to "place" beyond doubt. He had not shown the courtesy, on entering the room, of removing his round-crowned hat, which showed the peculiarity of sitting a little high on his head; while the hair hanging beneath it seemed a little thick and, so to speak, bouncy. Take him all in all, he was one of those handsome young fellows of whom one may meet with an hundred during a day's walk, about the better portions of London, and whom one would be likely to pass without a second glance, unless enough at leisure and unoccupied to bestow a moment of reflection on the fact that fine eyes and a certain feminine timidity of manner are not monopolized by the female sex of England.

Of course Neville Landless did not need more than a second glance to recognize his sister, though a stranger would certainly have been driven to at least a third, and even then hesitated before speaking; and as a consequence the masquerading young lady lost that special triumph which would have been found in momentarily confusing and forcing the wrong word from one who knew her best. It was not the first time, by any means, that the brother had seen her in a corresponding disguise, though a long time had then elapsed since the last instance. Seas as well as years rolled between the latest previous masquerade of that character, and the present; and he had never before seen her half so well dis-

guised, whether for his own eyes or those of indifferent spectators. For, as he noticed at his second glance, the vest had been so skilfully "made-up," by some expert tailor or practical costumer, that the woman's shape was entirely concealed, and only the too-diminutive size of the hands and feet remained to make betrayal likely.

His first words showed the recollection of previous disguises, with which he associated the present; those next following gave evidence that he had no idea of any necessity for this change of personality.

"Ah, my handsome boy, again!" he said, in a lighter mood than that of any portion of the late conversation. "What name was it that you figured under, dear, the last time that we tried it, and when we made the run to Colombe, and thought that we had at last succeeded—'Joe Gilvert,' was it not?"

"Yes, 'Joe Gilvert,' and you were 'Tom Gilvert,' and we had just heard that our father was very ill in England, and were anxious to get home at once—don't you remember? But, tell me, in spite of your cruelty in knowing me at once—how well am I 'got up'? Isn't that what they call it? Would any one else recognize me readily?"

"Upon my honour, no!" he answered. "I do not believe that any other person living than myself, without a closer examination, could suspect you. How very well the figure is concealed! But tell me two things. When did you come into possession of these clothes, as I have never seen them before? and if they are new, as I think, why have you gone to the expense of procuring them? I hope not merely to amuse me!"

"No, brother, not merely to amuse you, though that might be object enough, dull and lonely as you are. I have a use for them; I have something to do in them. You see that I am answering your last question first. I need to go where I cannot go in my own sex or dress, and where I can send no one to act for me; that is why your 'handsome boy,' Joe Gilvert, has come back."

"Helena, dear!" The brother had been examining her face, as she spoke, and saw that under the playful air she had assumed, there was an expression of determination, almost threatening in its earnestness. Very different to the wild, startled gaze that had met him half an hour before—the glance of her eyes, now deepening to something very like fierceness, told the intimate associate of her life that no holiday frolic was involved in this temporary unsexing of herself; that there was work of fearful earnest to be done, and that she would do it, bar her way what might.

"Helena, dear!" he repeated, "you are wiser than I am, as well as braver. No—do not stop me: I know what I am saying now, if I did not when I was speaking, only a little while ago. I shudder to see you wear that dress, wherever you may have procured it. You are going into danger more for me than for yourself. Can you think to what a position that reduces me?"

"Danger? no, brother, I do not believe that I am going into any danger whatever!" and the face of the young girl, high, hopeful, and determined, showed that she was only speaking what she believed to be the truth.

"You are going into something that may lead to meeting and collision with him: I know so much, quite as well as if you told me: is there no danger in that?"

"Danger, brother? No! You are right, however, in one thing. I am going into conflict with him, but it will not be to involve danger worth the name—only a visit or two to an unpleasant neighbourhood, and a little repulsive company, so far as I have any reason to believe."

"But—I say it again—do you realize in what a position this places me? Suppose that it may have been so throughout childhood, and that I endured it—what then? Is it to be so always? Our father left two children, a boy and a girl: is the sister always to play the part of the man, to defend the brother? and is the brother always to allow the sacrifice to be made for him? I tell you, no, Helena. I may not understand so well what needs to be done, but you can certainly instruct me, and I have yet to learn that I am deficient in animal courage, whatever may be my mental infirmities. You were endeavouring to incite my true manhood, half an hour since: will you do it by usurping the place and credit of what manhood belongs to our family? You are 'all the daughters of our father's house': do you wish to be 'all the sons too,' for my sake, while I am living and with quite the average of health and nerve? No, thank you! this must not and shall not be!"

Helena Landless looked proudly on the speaker, as he concluded: even if there was a shade of pettiness and dissatisfaction in his words, they were nevertheless healthy and hopeful. Still, there was nothing to which she could bow, as her reply soon told him, with the addition of a startling item of knowledge which almost induced him to look upon her again in a certain doubt as to the personality.

"Stop, Neville, dear!" she said. "Before you say another word, I have something to tell you which may change the position of affairs in your mind, and show you that you do not stand half so dependent upon me as you would persuade yourself. Answer me one question, please. Do you believe that in dealing with you I speak the truth entirely and always?"

"Always and unconditionally—yes."

"That I make no reservations, mental or other?"

"I have always believed so, sister, as I know that I have always so dealt with you. But why ask the question?"

"Because I have something to say, at this moment, which may surprise you and almost lead you to believe me guilty of a subterfuge. Stay, we have not been standing long enough? and can you not oblige Joe Gilvert, whose trousers you have now studied to full advantage, with one chair, and yourself with another? Thanks! You believe, Neville, seeing me in this disguise, that I am engaged in some enterprise threatening to him. I acknowledge that so much is true. You believe, next, that I am proceeding to extreme measures against him, principally because he is threatening you more closely—that I am acting chiefly and in the first instance for your protection. You need not answer: I know that you think so. Upon my word of honour, such is not the truth: I have another and a personal motive, stronger even than my desire to keep you safe from his hands."

"Another and a personal motive, sister!" The tone in which he emphasized the fourth word showed that the young girl had been wise in recalling to his mind the habitual candour of their intercourse.

"Yes—another and a personal motive, with

which you can have nothing to do, and for which you cannot be in any manner held accountable."

"What—what has he done to you?" There seemed a whole world of possibilities in that broad, eager questioning.

"HE HAS KILLED THE ONE I LOVED; and I am going to rid, not only you, but all the world of him."

"Helena! you thought me mad, awhile ago: are you mad now?"

"Mad? no—why should I be, for saying so much? I have no reason to conceal the truth now, and from you. I loved Edwin Drood—loved him at the moment when you and he were in deadly quarrel. He did not know it—perhaps he knows it now—farther away than Ceylon! I am going to convict his murderer, from his own lips, before I have done with him. That is all, but it is enough to show you, I think, that I am not moved entirely by anxiety for you, and that there are portions of my duty which I could not desert even to the brother I love and trust."

"You loved Edwin Drood, Helena, and I hated him!" Neville said, after a moment, and more as if musingly than addressing his sister. Then he sat silent for a brief space; and then he added: "But what matter now? He is gone, and the only result is that your heart is broken as well as mine. But I cannot allow you to go into danger, as you probably will do, without at least demanding to share that danger. Let it be as you will, in other regards; but wherever you go, and whatever you do, let me go with you."

"No!" Helena spoke strongly and decisively; then pausing a moment before she went on. "No, wherever I go I am not going alone. Let that satisfy and reassure you, brother."

"I have at least a right to ask, then, who will accompany you—have I not? You will tell me so much?"

"I will tell you everything, Neville—so far as I have the right to do so. Where I am going, I have no right to tell even you, as yet. As to who accompanies me—it is Mr. Tartar."

"Mr. Tartar! Ah! I understand. You have answered more questions than one in that name. Mr. Tartar it is, who has procured you these clothes—I am sure of it."

"Well read, brother mine. It is indeed Mr. Tartar who has played furnishing-clothes to Her Majesty, and who will be delighted to know that His Royal Highness approves the excellent selections."

Again Neville Landless sat silent for a moment, moving one foot nervously the while, as if the limb was expressing something that the tongue yet restrained. Then he said:

"Yes, I like Mr. Tartar, as I do not every man on first acquaintance. I believe him to be a thoroughly good fellow, and that I can trust even you with him. Perhaps I like him the better because the same tropical sun has shone on the cheeks and warmed the blood of both of us. But, Helena—one word more. You have just told me of a heart buried in the grave—of one whom we need not again name. You are very lovely: who does not know it that comes near you? Pray take care, if you have no love to bestow upon this new friend, that you do not allow him to misconstrue your dependence upon him. A word, a glance, may do the deed; and then—"

"There is no danger, brother; Mr. Tartar's heart is already filled, and by one much more attractive than your brown-cheeked sister!" Helena hurriedly exclaimed, anxious to reassure him, and saying words that the moment after she would have given anything within her power to be able to recall.

"Ah! He has an attachment? You know the lady then, sister?"

Why did he ask the question so close upon the heels of his exclamation? Why were his tones so intense and earnest, as if the welfare of a life was involved in the words? Why were his eyes troubled and startled, again, as Helena had so often seen them since their first coming to Cloisterham? Why, but that Nature, wiser than her boasting interpreters, may have some means of conveying instantaneous warning signals, in advance of any great impending calamity—shaming the telegraph and outrunning even the beams of light: to be understood or misapprehended by the subject of the coming visitation, as he is or fails to be in that state of mind rendering such quick recognition possible? If such warnings exist, as most believe, surely here was a marked instance of the lightning conveyance of one.

The sister's voice, unknown to herself, contained it: the brother's quick sense caught it without being for the instant able to analyze it.

"You know the lady, then, sister?"

"I? No. What did I say? Oh, what an unfortunate tongue I have, to utter just what I should avoid, and give pain to those I love best! What are Mr. Tartar and his heart affairs to me?"

"That only answers one part of my question, Helena. You do know the lady. Who is it?"

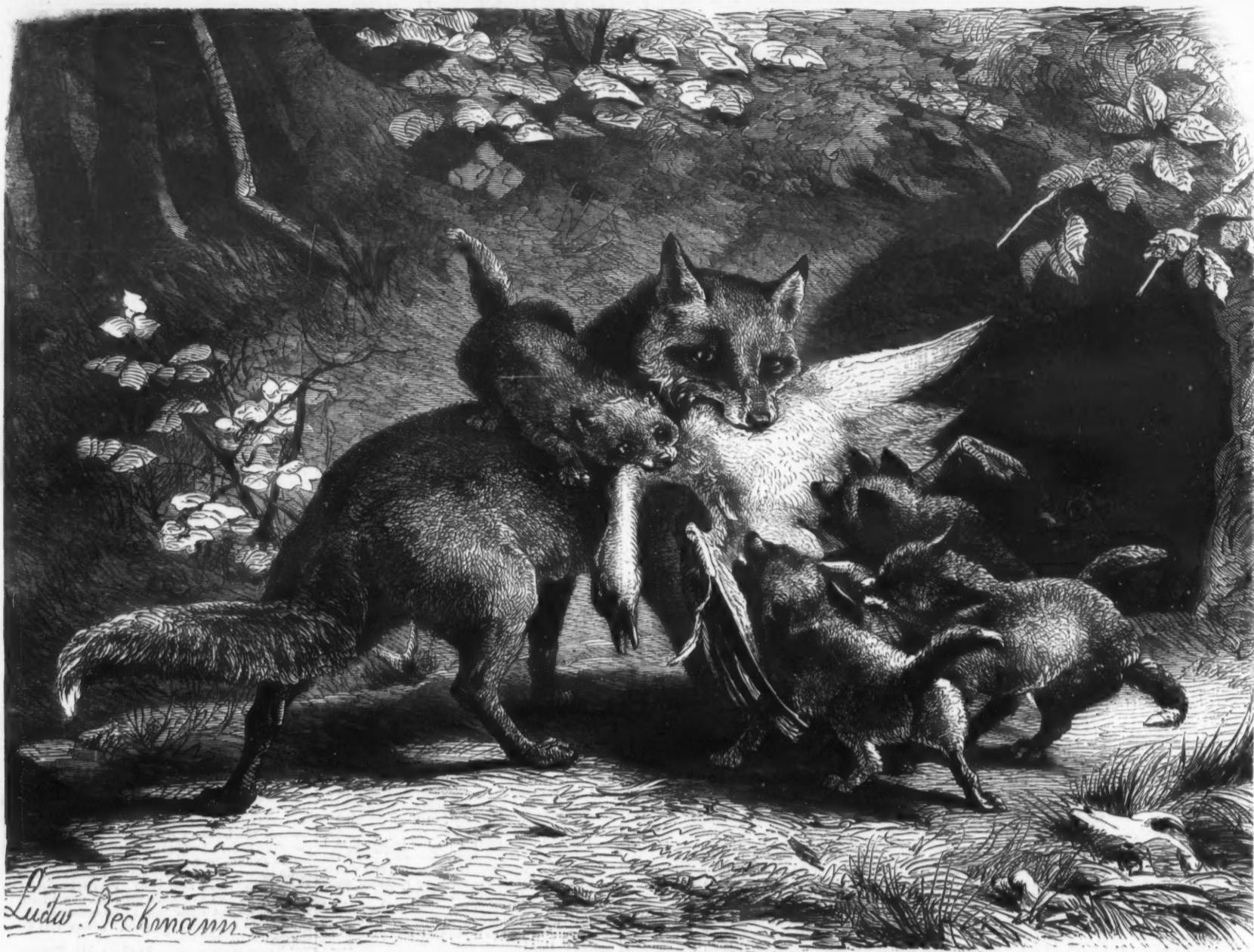
The tender sister hesitated. How could she give that finishing blow to all still remaining of distant hope?—how destroy that one charmed spot on which to build the deficient fortitude? Very low and broken was her voice, as at last she said, after causing innumerable agonies by the useless delay:

"It is Miss Bud—Rosa."

"Ah!" This was a veritable groan, coming from the heart of Neville Landless. He sank back in his chair, covering his face with both hands, as if to shut away the world and all that it contained. And the voice was hoarse, not now with passion, but misery, in which, after moments that seemed centuries to the sympathising sister, he continued:

"Tell me all, sister. I think that I can hear it now. All? Why should I ask, when I already? He loves her. You are his confidante, and hers, no doubt. Does she love him?"

"Heaven pity and keep us both, Neville! No matter how I know so much—I do know it. She who never



Ludwig Bechmann

THE RETURN OF THE FORAGER.—SEE PAGE 196.

BUFFALO  
SHOOTING ON THE  
PLAINS.

A SUBJECT that should occupy the immediate future of our national legislation, is the reckless manner in which the natural stock of game in the plains of the Far West is being depleted by the heedless amateur sportsmen who invade the region. As the traditional food of the Indian, if not as the rightful burghers of their prairie cities, the beasts of the plains should be guarded by some protective law, instead of being subjected to a meaningless and unproductive slaughter, as they now constantly are.

It is no uncommon circumstance, in the present state of things, for the trunks of a large proportion of a buffalo herd to be found rotting together on the prairie, their decomposition infecting the air for miles, and their bodies falling to the most utter waste, having been felled for the mere purpose of extracting the tongues, which are saved and cured as an article of commerce. Added to these freaks of reckless trappers, and still more deplorable, are now the odious murders committed by the new visitors brought into the region by the extension of the railways—sleek young *comis-voyageurs*, touts for mercantile establishments, aimless vagabonds with long purses, and other classes of amateurs, astonished at finding a gun or a pistol in their hands, and wild to hear it shoot. It has become the cus-



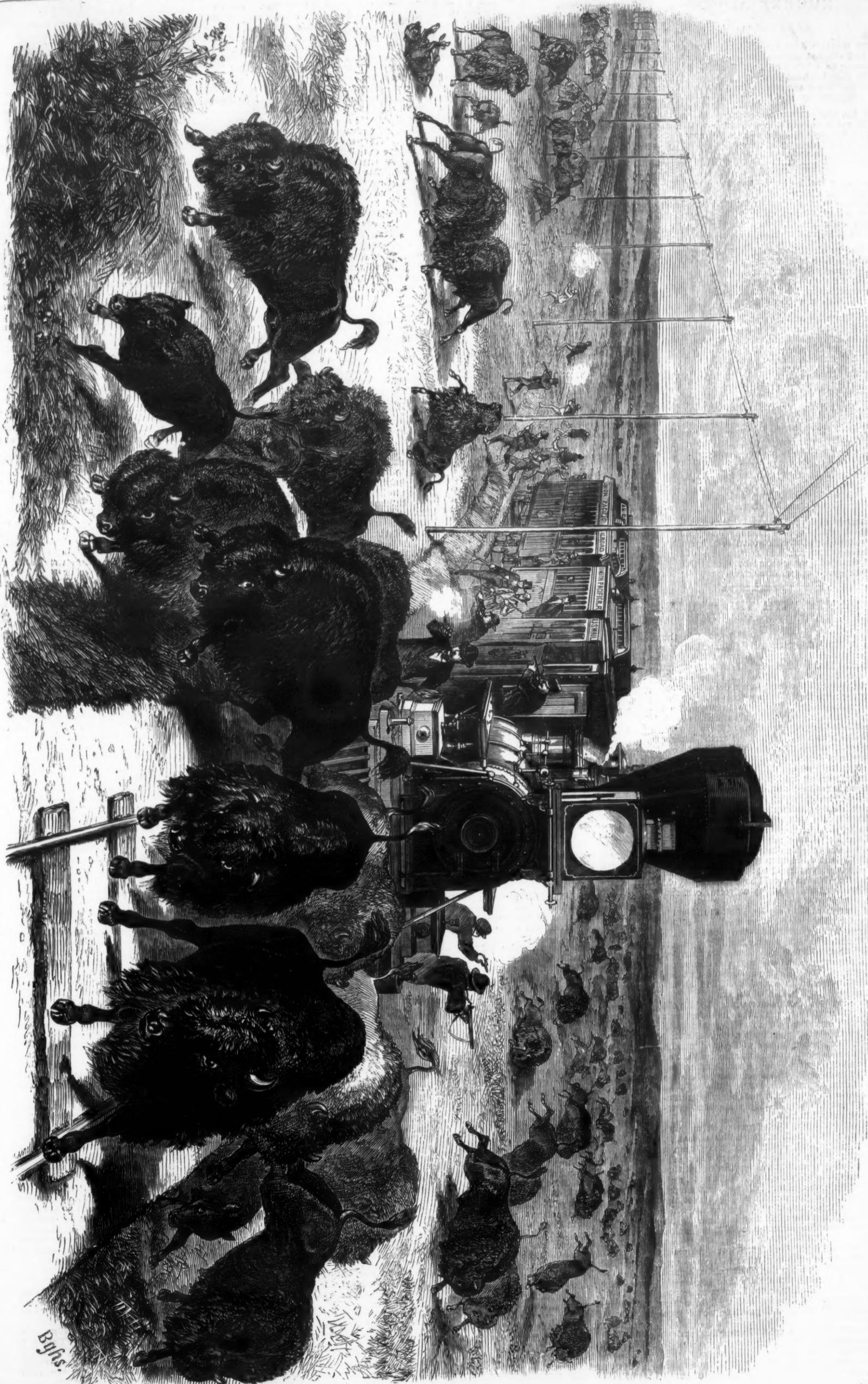
AN ARTIST SELECTING AN INSTRUMENT.—SEE PAGE 196.

tom, in the not uncommon event of finding a herd of buffalo on the track, for the engine to be halted, and the travelers allowed the privilege of going out and "having a crack"—in a spirit of indiscriminate, wanton, idiotic, and depraved murder.

The grand brutes take little notice of the approach of the iron monster. Probably, to their dim perception, it seems like some animal of a kind not dissimilar to their own. They graze, and fight, and woo after their kind, apparently unconscious of an invader, while it is the declaration of engineers and conductors that not seldom a pair of burly bulls, climbing upon the slight elevation of the track, will engage in a desperate duel, to be separated only by the final rush of the engine.

Our sketch, from the hand of an artistic traveler in the Far West, is a reliable representation of one of these scenes; it was taken on the line of the Kansas-Pacific Railroad, between Ellis and Kit Carson, and affords the most graphic delineation we have yet seen of this meeting of the grand forces of Art and Nature—the mammoth of the American prairie and the behemoth of human invention.

THE Smithsonian institute publishes lists of the auroral displays observed in the United States. The Summary gives 192 in 1869, and 238 in 1870. It is anticipated that the maximum has been reached, and that the number will soon begin gradually to diminish.



THE FAR WEST.—SHOOTING BUFFALO ON THE LINE OF THE KANSAS-PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Buffs.

## EUGENE ARAM.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

LIKE sportive deer the schoolboys leaped  
And shouted as they ran—  
Turning to mirth all things of earth,  
As only boyhood can;  
But the Usher sat remote from all,  
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,  
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;  
For a burning thought was on his brow  
And his bosom ill at ease;  
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read  
The book between his knees.

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,  
Nor ever glanced aside;  
For the peace of his mind he read that book  
In the golden eventide:  
Much study had made him very lean,  
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome :  
With a fast and fervent grasp  
He strained the dusky covers close,  
And fixed the brazen hasp;  
"O God! could I so close my mind,  
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then down he cast him on his face,  
And first began to weep,  
For he knew his Secret then was one  
That Earth refused to keep;  
Or Land or Sea, though he should be  
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,  
Till Blood for Blood atones!  
"Ay, though he's buried in a cave,  
And trodden down with stones,  
And years have rotted off his flesh—  
The world shall see his bones!"

"And still no peace for the restless clay  
Will wave or mould allow;  
The horrid thing pursues my soul—  
It stands before me now!"  
The fearful Boy looked up, and saw  
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep  
The Urchin's eyelids kissed,  
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn  
Through the cold and heavy mist;  
And EUGENE ARAM walked between,  
With gyves upon his wrist.

## A DINNER WITH THE "JOLLY OLD BOY."

MR. JOSEPH FLINTOFF, head partner in the firm of Flintoff, Parminter & Scinnun, was a sort of person whom it did you good merely to look at. There was such a jolly twinkle about the old boy's eye, such a rich smile always playing round his mouth, such a deep, luscious, gurgling note in his voice whenever he spoke, that reminded you of a rare port vintage. His gait, his manner, everything about him, seemed to betoken the presence of one of those blessed creatures who are the salt of the earth—utterly careless of himself, and careful only for an opportunity of benefiting his species. He did not do much in the way of active business now. He had worked hard in his time, and fairly earned his repose; and this repose he enjoyed in the neighborhood of Fordham, in as snug a country house as any of the Fordham folks could boast. To see the old fellow coming down by the afternoon train, and smoking one of those excellent cigars which he delighted to give his friends after dinner, beaming a smile of benignity and satisfaction upon all who entered the carriage, you could not help muttering to yourself: "What a jolly old boy!" And a jolly old boy Mr. Joseph Flintoff, by universal consent, was.

If you wanted to see Mr. Flintoff under his most favorable aspect—not that any of his aspects were unfavorable—you should have dined with him. He was far from being a sort of soulless, mindless old Silenus, very far; on the contrary, you had only to talk to him across the walnut and the wine to discover that Mr. Flintoff possessed a shrewd head and an uncommonly amusing vein of humor.

He was a great hand at stories, was the jolly old boy. He would stop you in the street and say: "Now, then, I've got something that will make you laugh;" and then Mr. Flintoff would begin. But before he was well in the middle of his anecdote it would occur to him that he had an engagement close by, and that he must run off to catch it. "But you mustn't be done out of this story, my boy, eh?" said Joey F.—"suppose you come down and hear it out at dinner?" and the jolly old boy pulled himself together and walked off.

Now, when Mr. Flintoff gave you an invitation of this kind, of course he meant it. Bless your heart, would it not have been a pleasure to him to dine you every day to the top of your bent? It was very awkward that he sometimes quite forgot to name date, and, not liking to take him by surprise, you thought, probably, that you would wait till you met him again in the course of your city rounds, when he would be sure to fix day and hour for his dinner and the continuance of his famous story.

"Ah, you dog!" Mr. Flintoff would playfully observe to you the next time that you came across each other; "why didn't you come and dine? I suppose you are afraid to face an old boy's society like mine; but I can promise you a rare bottle of '31 port, and we'll broach a magnum of Lafitte. Will you come, now?—you must."

You were on the point of accepting, and of even naming a day, when the jolly old boy's attention would suddenly be arrested by a passenger, to whom he had to say one word. The one word increased to a dozen, and minutes flew.

"Now," he said, turning to you, "I must just finish this business with my friend. Mind you come and dine; I won't take any excuse—no, not a word—come you must!" And the jolly old boy walked off, leaving you as much in ignorance of day, hour, and perhaps even place, as ever.

Basing their dictum upon such experiences as these, there were some persons who were profane enough to say that the jolly old boy was little, if at all, better than a jolly old humbug; that his dinners were nothing more substantial than Barmecide's feasts, and that his stories were mere shams. They were wrong. Mr. Flintoff did give dinners, and, as I have already remarked, singularly good ones.

"None of your gimeracks for me," said the jolly old boy—"none of your badly made French dishes. You won't get them when you come to my house—sound, simple fare, and sound wine. I think I can promise you that, eh?" And the old boy's lips would go through the imaginary process of tasting an ideal vintage of Oporto. "Just a plain dinner, you know, a little clear soup—clear turtle suits this time of year, eh? a nice bit of shad, just one entrée, a well-hung saddle of mutton, and a reed bird." It was a remarkable coincidence, but possibly this happened to be your own idea of a decent little dinner, too. "Then I've got a still hock I should like you to try—just laid down twenty dozen of it; and with that and the brown sherry, a bottle or so of the old port, and, if you like it, the Chambertin, I've no doubt we shall get on. And—stay—it's bad for digestion, moving after dinner! better sleep the night."

This was a favorite programme of the jolly old boy's, and you could not but allow that it was arranged upon sound principles. It was surprising how anecdotal Mr. Flintoff would become over the port or the Chambertin! not that he monopolized the conversation; on the contrary, he liked to hear his friends talk—indeed, encouraged them to talk, to discuss their present and to canvass their prospects.

Such was Mr. Joseph Flintoff—"a rare good fellow; the world wants a few more such," public opinion generally allowed.

Mr. Flintoff, I may as well say, was a widower. It was a good many years ago since his wife had died: there was a portrait of her in the dining-room at Fordham—a gentle, delicate looking young thing. She had brought him a large marriage portion, and when fate had deprived him of her, the whole of her fortune passed into his hands. Their married life had been short, lasting not more than two or three years, and Mr. Flintoff had not ventured to resume a state of matrimony. He had told me himself that his heart was buried in his poor young wife's grave; and so, no doubt, it was.

It was generally stated that Mr. Flintoff had a son, but that he (Flintoff junior) had in some manner "gone wrong," and that all intercourse between parent and child had ceased. At any rate, the jolly old boy never alluded to the subject of his offspring; and he but seldom reverted to his past life—neither could it be considered the legitimate business of other people.

Christmas Day was drawing close, and on Christmas Day Abel Johnson and I were to dine with the jolly old boy, at his villa at Fordham.

"Very good of you, indeed," Mr. Flintoff said, when we had accepted his invitation to "cut our turkey with him," as he called it; "very good of you, and very kind to take pity on an old man's solitude—still, we'll do what we can to make you snug. Shall we say 6:30, and I'll have rooms ready for both of you? You can't go back the same night."

"I should like to have gone down to Yonkers for Christmas Day," said Jack, afterward, to me, thinking of a certain young lady with long hair and hazel eyes; "but, please Goodness, I shall have my own house this day next year!"

"Never mind," I replied; "we must take the gifts the gods provide, and be thankful for them accordingly; and I have not the slightest doubt that old Flintoff will make us happy as fighting-cocks."

It happened to be a regular old-fashioned style of Christmas Day. There had been snow for two days beforehand, and now a severe frost had set in. We had walked over to Fordham, and were not sorry, I promise you, to see the pleasant gleam of the fire outside the windows of the jolly old boy's villa.

Mr. Flintoff was engaged when we were shown into his snugly furnished and brightly lit drawing-room, but would be with us in a few minutes.

"Hang you and Master George too!" Yes, those were the words we heard quite distinctly. The drawing-room door was left a little bit open, and the voice came from the direction of Mr. Flintoff's study, and it was unmistakably the voice of none other than the jolly old boy himself. "I'll tolerate no begging. I've done all for you that I can. Because you were my wife's servant, and nursed my son, that's no reason why I should have you coming here, and begging me to forgive him and take pity on him, as you call it, and send that stupid, penniless wax doll whom he made his wife more money. The allowance I make him is enough, quite enough."

"Oh, sir, and he's so ill; and Mrs. George just had another baby!"

"If people are fools, Mrs. Jones, then folly be on their own head, that's all I have to say; and if it's my son who is the fool, I don't know that he should be any exception to the rule. But I'll have nothing more to say to you—and don't come as George's ambassadress again. Tell him it's fool's errand, and be—"

But here the door slammed, and the jolly old boy entered.

"A merry Christmas to you both, my boys!" said Mr. Flintoff. "Magnificently seasonable weather! So good of you to take pity on a lonely old chap like me."

We had a capital dinner; nothing could have been better. And after dinner the jolly old boy insisted on having the little table close up to

the fire with the nuts and the wine. When we looked at the benignant countenance of Mr. Joseph Flintoff, we felt quite certain it was impossible for such a man to do anything that flavored of harshness to a son of his, supposing him to have one. Our ears must have deceived us, there was no doubt about that. The jolly old boy hard-hearted! Why, the idea was absurd—simply ridiculous! And so we went on laughing, and chatting, and drinking the old boy's wine, and cracking his nuts.

"Now," said our host, "I'm an old man, and you must pardon me if I do an old-fashioned thing. With you young fellows, drinking health has gone out; but Christmas is an old-fashioned day, and therefore I shall presume upon the period. There's one toast which we ought to drink for your sakes—'Happiness and prosperity and luck to both of you!' And the jolly old boy, so saying, filled a glass of port and drained it.

By way of acknowledging the compliment, we did the same.

"Here's another, and the last," said Jack, "which we must all of us drink—'Absent friends and relations!'" And Jack filled his glass and gave the toast, the jolly old boy and myself following his example, and repeating his words, "Absent friends and relations!"

"Father," said a voice, "will you not speak to me?"

We started, and looked round. It was a young man whose voice we had heard—thin, ill-looking, and not over thickly clad.

The jolly old boy turned purple with rage.

"George!" he said. "Hang you, get out of my sight! I'll have no more to say to you. I told the old crone so whom you sent here this afternoon. You've made your bed, and, by Jove, you shall lie on it! Get back to your wife—she'll comfort you," shrieked the jolly old boy, positively foaming at the mouth. "Why do you come and intrude yourself where you're not wanted?"

Jack and myself rose to go. The young man stopped us.

"Only first hear," said he, "what I have done to deserve this—how I have been treated—what has been my fault—how miserably I have stoned for my folly. My mother—"

There was a gurgling kind of noise. We looked round. The jolly old boy had fallen from his chair in a fit—the excitement had been too much for him. A doctor was sent for, and we left him in his hands. The young man, George Flintoff, watched by his bedside all night. In the morning, when Abel Johnson called to inquire, he met the medical man, who shook his head.

"It's all over. A man of his make and habit could not recover such a shock as he had last night. He was conscious before he died, and his son never left him. A good young fellow that! *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, of course; and *nil nisi bonum* will his son say. But he was a hard husband and a cruel, selfish father. He would have let his son starve like a dog!"

Such was this jolly old boy in particular. Somehow or other, since then, I don't put the same faith which I did in "jolly old boys" in general.

## AN EVENING AT MAPLE PLAINS.

THERE is a class of persons who live by their wits, and whose condition seems, above all others, deserving of pity. These are the poor wanderers who entertain us, who spend their lives posting wearily from country town to country town, dragging along the few traps with which they set up their show. Some are highly prosperous—have made friends and connections, and can always confidently rely on plenty of patronage. But there are other poor stragglers who creep into Maple Plains on their first visit; who secure the "Rooms" at the Institute with as fluttering a heart as though they were throwing dice; and who, according to the rules of such places, are obliged to deposit a sum for hire and gas, before they can open the doors. With these it is often a perfect lottery: heads, meaning a small fortune of fifteen dollars: tails, beggary, and forfeiture of the meagre properties and stock.

We have all of us, through various accidents, been forced to stay at various Maple Plains, up and down the country—a place of two or three straggling streets winding up a hill, to where the railway station is planted. It is sometimes in the South, sometimes in the North; but, wherever it lies, we are sure to see on the rail-way-arch, or the gloomy board fence that skirts the road, the "posters" of these jocund "entertainers," whose whole life is given up to coaxing a rough and churlish public to be amused. No more dismal life can be imagined than that of these unhappy beings, whose very appearance is utterly opposed to their professed calling, and who ruefully bear about with them such jovial miscellanies as the "Wallet of Wit," "Mirth and Momus," "Two Hours of Shakespearian Vagaries," and the like. The more florid and gorgeous the programmes that greet us as we trundle into Maple Plains, the more desponding do they leave us; though in the flamboyant and exciting pictures of flying horses, and noble gymnasts, who seem like inferior mythological heroes (and indeed we have seen frescoes of inferior merit), there is, it is true, always something dashing and noble.

Once being forced to remain a night at Maple Plains, I found on the table of the Neapolitan Coffee-room a number of little programmes, note-paper size, setting forth an entertainment for that very night. I give it "textually," as our distracted friends in Gaul would say:

## THE ROOMS, MAPLE PLAINS.

*Under distinguished patronage. For two nights only.*

## MRS. MOUNTAIN.

Formerly preceptress in the family of Gen. JAMES SADDLETREE, whose youthful family she had the honor of grounding in the refining branches of education, will give

## TWO READINGS.

The first from Shakespeare's Masterpiece,

## KING JOHN!

As read by her at Saddletree, during Christmas, 1847, in presence of Gen. James Saddletree, and family, the Magistrate, and an élite party of guests. This noble play has been specially prepared—all delicacies removed—while the characters of King John, Constance, Falconbridge and Hubert will be called up before the spectator in a life-like manner by

## MRS. MOUNTAIN.

Mrs. Mountain will take the opportunity of introducing her daughter,

## MISS THEODORA MOUNTAIN,

Who will recite the soul-stirring

## CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE!

## WITH OTHER PIECES.

Places may be secured at the Rooms, where also may be seen the testimonial referring to Mrs. Mountain's connection with Gen. James Saddletree.

\* \* Carriages to set down with the horses' heads toward Orange Lane. And gentlemen are requested to give their coachmen instructions accordingly.

Grotesque as was this bill of fare, and probable as it was that the performance would correspond to this odd promise, I yet felt a sort of uneasiness that it was too late to secure a place, and that my money might be refused at the doors. Hurriedly setting out, I made my way to the "Rooms"—a new, staring, plastered, uncomfortable place, too obviously, like such places all the country over, groaning under a load of debt, and presenting a most unpropitious appearance. I entered up spacious steps, into white illuminated roominess, which is another characteristic of such places. My footsteps echoed, and the sense of desolation was almost painful. The entertainment must have begun. "No, I was quite in time," I was assured by the person who took money.

It was the "smaller hall," with glaring white walls, white gallery, pine-smelling floor, and a vast crowd—not of people, alas! but of pale, spindly, cane-bottomed chairs, clustered together helplessly, like lean geese. On the front row—the "reserved seats"—sat the clergyman and his wife—the sole tenants of that sacred inclosure. In the seats of the second dignity were a severe-looking father and mother, and a "help" while in the "body of the hall," as it was entitled, half a dozen homely and honest-looking folk clung convulsively to the barrier which separated them from the nobler portion of the area, and seemed to be too scared by the hollow sound of their own footsteps to move about. There were three or four stray people looking down from the gallery, as from a deck.

As I entered, every head was screwed round to survey me. The rostrum or platform was flanked by two new maple doors, unvarnished by reason of the exhausted state of the funds of the concern, and a sort of sepulchral or sacrificial table, with one candle, was set out in the centre. The look of that gaunt and deserted platform affected me with the strangest mixture of feelings: the meagrely ascetic air, the general bareness, forcibly suggested the block and scaffold—an impending surgical operation—a severe pass-examination. The time for commencing was past by some minutes, when there entered, with noisy and decisive tread, a tall, officer-like man, who looked round ruefully at the prison-like desolation into which he had entered. A soft whisper, which the vast echoes of the place enlarged into loud speech, was borne to us from behind, to the effect that this was "Captain Spunner." It was getting more and more desolating; we grew impatient, as did the sole stick and umbrella present, which feebly protested. At last one of the matted doors opened.

A tall and rather pretty young girl led in a severe-looking elderly lady, with a front of gray curls fixed at each side of her head, much as "winkers" are on a horse. She carried her book in her hand, and surveyed the audience with an air of disdainful severity. The clergyman and his wife, who had, by-the-by, the air of "orders," applauded in a friendly, but patronizing way. But she would not relax her severity. The tall young girl, who was dressed in white, with a broad blue ribbon across her forehead, came forward to address us, in a quiet, composed manner.

"My mamma wishes me to say," were her words, "that she is about to read the tragedy of 'King John,' exactly as she read it at Saddletree, in the year 1847, before a distinguished audience. My mamma also wishes me to state that everything improper or indecent has been removed, and that there will be nothing heard to-night that could bring a blush into the cheek of the youngest child present."

It was impossible to laugh, she said this with such earnestness and sincerity, though the officer grinned, and stared through his glass. Then the young lady sat down in a chair at the side, while her mamma deliberately wiped her tortoise-shell glasses, and, finding much difficulty in arranging the light, at last placed the candle between herself and the book, and, after a severe look round, began her task.

Poor soul! It was one low "mumble," very slow and deliberate, much as she would have read out a domestic letter, and was quite inaudible in the gallery. After a quarter of an hour of this murmuring, a blunt voice came from the gallery, "Speak up, marm, please!" and filled us all with consternation. It proceeded from an honest-faced operative, leaning on his elbows, and utterly indifferent to the concentrated gaze of the half-dozen faces in the select rows now turned full on him. The old lady stopped. Her daughter rose and came forward.

"My mamma," she said, softly, "is suffering from a cold to-night, and is forbidden by the physicians to exert herself in the level passages. As the occasions of the tragedy require it, she will endeavor to do justice to the grand scenes illustrated by the genius of Mrs. Siddons and her brother, the late John Philip Kemble."

In homage to these illustrious names, the umbrella and stick involuntarily made noise—also in indignant protest at the interruption. The operative was awe-stricken; though I fancy he must have referred the allusion to the "level passages," to the approaches of the building. After this episode, the old lady resumed her task, in rather a lower voice than before.

It began to grow rather depressing. Twenty minutes more went by; the clergyman fell asleep. Suddenly, with an audible yawn of impatience, the officer rose, and tramped steadily and leisurely down the hall, throwing down the umbrella, which projected at an angle. But the reproof he received was masterly. The reader stopped deliberately, wiped her glasses, and followed his retreating form with her eyes all down the hall, until it disappeared through the furthest doorway. She then resumed. We dared not budge, she had us so completely under her despotism. But, by the time we reached the conclusion of the first act, it was apparent that things could not be protracted further; and, after a little whispering, the young lady came forward.

"My mamma bids me say that she is too exhausted to repeat any more of Shakespeare's tragedy of 'King John,' or go beyond the level passages to-night. Her physicians have warned her against working up the exciting scenes of this great tragedy. With your permission, we will proceed to the second part of the performance."

At this news we all resettled ourselves in our places, making the attenuated legs of the cane-bottomed chairs scream on the new floor. The relief was something delicious; the clergyman woke up, and we looked forward to something refreshing. After arranging her blue ribbon, and receiving many directions from the elderly lady, who was regarding us severely, with her glasses ready for action, the young lady came forward.

"My mamma," she said, "wishes me to recite for you a poem which she composed at Saratoga. The hotel-keepers at Saratoga, when my mamma was taken ill there, were very kind to us; and to put on record her sense of their goodness, my mamma wrote the following lines."

The severe old lady here pulled her daughter to her, and whispered for a minute, nodding and frowning.

"And my mamma wishes me to add, that they were afterward published in the Saratoga *Mercury*, and much admired."

She then delivered eight or ten stanzas, of which the following, or nearly the following, was a specimen:

Hostels of Sara, Hostels of Sara,  
Hostels of Sara, excellent men,  
Hearts full of feeling, as full as your purses,  
Lavish, again and again!  
The world is cold—as empty as cold,  
Ungrateful and hollow to see.  
Though ne'er we may meet, I shall never forget,  
How kindly you've acted to me.  
Hostels of Sara,  
Hostels of Sara,  
Hostels of Saratoga!

At the third stanza, and when the burden recurred, "Hostels of Sara," a sort of hysterical merriment came on me, and I felt that, if the burden came again—which it must do—exposure of a disgraceful order would take place. It did recur; and I disgraced myself. The tortoise-shell glasses were instantly leveled—it seemed like an order for the police to remove me—I grew red in the face, exploded once, and, while the young lady paused, rose abruptly and fled.

#### THE OLD AFRICAN CHURCH, RICHMOND.

THE old African Church in Richmond, Va., stands on the north side of Broad, corner of College Street, and was built by the Baptists, in 1808. It was the first Protestant church erected in Richmond, except old St. John's, on Church Hill, which belonged to the Episcopalians, and was rendered immortally memorable as the place where Patrick Henry made one of his most eloquent war speeches, prior to the Revolution.

The African Church is substantially built, of English brick, and, like all the Virginia churches of that day, in the form of a cross, but without tower, spire, or any external architectural ornament. It would, probably, seat two thousand persons; but the roof being low in proportion to its base, destroys the effect, and gives to the whole edifice a contracted, suppressed look.

Many memorable events, both of local and political interest in the history of the city, are connected with this church. One of the first occurred when the old theatre, which stood on the square above, was destroyed by fire, in 1811. Both history and romance have recorded and reproduced this fearful event, in all its harrowing details of aggravated horror, that curdle the blood and make one's nerves quiver, even now, at the repetition.

The Governor of the State, and many representatives of its first families, were victims of this terrible tragedy. Those who were snatched from the furious flames—scorched, suffering, writhing in agony, or in the dead stupor of insensibility, some crushed by the crowd or in leaping from the windows—were carried to the African Church, near by, and laid on the floor, till assistance was rendered or the mangled sufferers could be recognized and claimed by their friends.

This church has also been, for fifty years past, the scene of many memorable and exciting political events: as the Democratic and Whig Assemblies were held here in the great Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison and Tyler, Clay, and Polk, nominations and public debates.

It was in the African Church that the sessions of the Virginia Conventions of 1829 and 1830 were held, and rendered illustrious by the talents of James Madison, James Monroe, Randolph of Roanoke, Benjamin Watkins, Leigh, and others of the mighty dead; those giant in-

tellects, in comparison with which the corrupt and crafty politicians of the present day are mere dwarfs and pygmies. They were statesmen, these are politicians; and around those old walls there lingers the memory of masterly orations, whose thrilling, fervid eloquence once made them ring, and their echoes haunt them still.

The large white congregation, who, until 1842, had worshiped in this church, then divided, and built two other places of worship, in more modern, ornate style; the First Baptist, on Broad, the Second, on Grace Street—Dr. Burroughs and Rev. Mr. Peter, pastors; while the colored congregation, of some two thousand members, organized separately, under the Rev. Dr. Ryland, and retained the old church, which they have ever since held as their peculiar property.

The first pastor of this church, Rev. Mr. Morris, was succeeded in his ministrations by John Courtney, widely known and distinguished in the traditions of the city as "old Father Courtney."

In 1841, when the colored congregation was formed into a separate church, they numbered about seventeen hundred, but have increased rapidly, and now estimate their numbers at thirty-five hundred. Their first pastor, Rev. Dr. Ryland, of Richmond College, continued his ministrations until the close of the war, when he resigned; and a colored man was elected to fill his place, who is assisted by twenty-five or thirty deacons. These visit among the congregation, acquaint themselves with their wants, and assist the pastor in his general work. The members of this church have been remarkable for the exercise of rigid discipline, and for liberality in supporting their pastor, and promoting the missionary cause. The first Baptist missionaries from this country to Africa—Lott Carey and Colin Teague—were sent out from this congregation.

The choir of this church were distinguished for their splendid singing. The sacred concerts on Sunday afternoon attracted many white persons, both citizens and strangers, who loved fine music, or sought amusement and excitement.

On a beautiful afternoon in the sweet Spring-time, when even the birds seemed sending forth glad "Hosannas," in wondrous warbling, from their tiny throats, the writer, and a party of friends, found themselves among a crowd that swept steadily down the street, and into the open doors of the quiet, sombre old church.

To describe the various colors of complexion and costume would be utterly bewildering, so the reader must compromise for a slight sketch as memory serves us. The complexions can best be portrayed in the words of a popular song of the olden time, known as "Dan Tucker":

Some were black, and some were blacker,  
An' some was de color of a chaw o' tobacco.

The almost grotesque gorgeousness of costume at once struck the eye—it was simply stunning — while the prevailing passion for every shade of scarlet was especially noticeable.

Blue, green, yellow, were mingled in distracting contrast, while the frantic-looking flounces and furbelows would have rendered a Parisian *modiste* hopelessly insane.

After entering and seating ourselves, a glance around revealed the striking features of the scene. Near us, and corpulently conspicuous, sat a portly matron, flanked on each side by her progeny — fat, frolicsome little darkies, sandwiched between "mammy" and daddy," and some "auntie" on the other side. Over her ample bust floated broad strings of scarlet ribbon from a bonnet of gigantic proportions, compared with the present microscopic marvels of millinery, that rest like brilliant butterflies over the complicated combination of braids and curls adorning the cranium of the "girl of the period." In those days bonnets were respectable institutions, made to cover the head, though they were excruciatingly unbecoming, and made a belle's face look like a rose at the bottom of a coal-scuttle.

A dress of some light material, in brilliant colors, like an exaggerated bandanna handkerchief in pattern, accompanied the wonderful bonnet, and was completed by a thin shawl, of rainbow hues; yellow cotton gloves, which looked as if the fat hands had been melted and poured into them, and were in peril of bursting out; while a large white handkerchief (about half an acre of cotton) was spread conspicuously on the expanse of lap, and a flourishing palm-leaf fan waved over the *tout ensemble*. Such was the "Sunday-go-to-meeting" costume of excellent Aunt Phyllis, my neighbor's incomparable cook.

"Daddy," or "Uncle Cy" (short for Cyrus) sat near, in a "long-tailed blue"—a "double-breaster"—with spotless shirt-bosom, buff vest, black inexpressibles, white cravat and white cotton gloves; his hat—a "bell-crown" —once, evidently, "old massa's" best; shoes polished to painful brilliancy, the feet extending as much behind as before, while his arms were solemnly folded, his excellent, honest face wearing an expression of intense reverence. The two children were bobbing up and down between their parents, swinging their well-shod feet, rolling up their eyes till nothing but the whites were visible, peeping over mammy's broad shoulders, grinning and stuffing handkerchiefs in their mouths—being frequently admonished to behave, by a sudden poke of her elbow into their ribs, which by no means extinguished the irrepressible spirit of mischief. This family group was a type of many others, while the youthful beau and belles of darkydom occasionally exchanged amorous or coquettish glances, with sometimes a whisper and suppressed giggle, behind their fans or handkerchiefs.

On an elevated platform, at the extremity of the church, sat the choir, some forty or fifty in number, men and women, about equally divided, both young and middle-aged, with singing-books before them—the leader, a fine

looking man, in front. In a few moments there was a flutter, a turning of leaves, some whispered directions, some tittering among the young people, and then, at a sign from the leader, they began. It was a burst of magnificent music that filled the church, rolling, rising in waves of melody that seemed bearing the listener's soul upward on wings of heavenly harmony, plaintive, triumphant, as the exquisite prayer of the sweet Psalmist of Israel, "Oh ! had I wings like a dove," was chanted by those glorious voices; the effect was indescribable.

There followed a variety of hymns and anthems, all splendidly rendered; for the development of music in the African race, and their gift of voice and song, are remarkable. When the singers at length paused for a rest, the deacons, or elders, handed hats around *ad interim*, into which every one dropped a contribution—the money being used for charitable or church purposes of various kinds. After this, we were about to leave, thinking the *finale* had been reached, when suddenly, electrically, the singers burst forth again; but this time it was no solemn, sacred strain—only the inspiring measure of an old song, that went rippling, ringing around, to the words, "Riding on a Rail," fairly taking us by storm, and bringing down the house in irrepressible applause.

As the chaotic crowd surged out of the church into the street, it was pleasant to note the happy faces, cheerful voices (Mrs. Stowe to the contrary), kindly greetings between friends, and occasionally a burst of laughter.

Soberly the old men carried their inevitable umbrellas, the young ones executing fanciful flourishes with their canes; while fans, handkerchiefs and ribbons were fluttering like a swarm of large butterflies.

Here came a sable "Beau Brummel," with a couple of stylishly dressed girls on his arms; they were probably a gentleman's "body servant" and two "lady's-maids." This latter class were usually, in gait, dress and manner, correct copies of their young mistresses; though sometimes the imitation became an exaggerated caricature.

We passed near the trio, who seemed enjoying themselves immensely, the two girls vying with each other in coquettish attempts to elicit some expression of positive preference from the beau each wished to monopolize. But it was a "draw game;" he skillfully parried their attacks, and divided his admiring looks and remarks quite equally. *En passant*, we heard the following climax of compliment:

I'm walking between you, ladies, an' ef I had to selec' my choice, 'twould be onpossible, for I'se mighty partic'lar; an' ef I choosed one, I'd lose de brightest jewel from my crown; ef I choosed de oder, den I'd lose de diadem itself!

With a Chesterfieldian bow to his admiring audience, the darky diplomatist stepped along, with an air of triumphant satisfaction, evidently finding himself master of the situation.

We have portrayed a scene in that past which is rapidly sinking into a gulf of forgetfulness, when the Peculiar Institution were happily unconscious of impending "irrepressible conflict."

The illustration on page 197 represents the present enlightened era; with a congregation of "American citizens of African descent," or as they call themselves, "colored gentlemen and ladies," coming from the same old church. Here we see the walking-dress and "waterfall," while jaunty hats and ponderous chignons, puffs, and panniers, illustrate the new *régime* of fashion.

Those respectable institutions, Aunt Phyllis and Uncle Cy, have become Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Johnson; but they both look changed—somewhat by time, somewhat by being thinner, and lacking the well-fed corpulence of former days. Aunt Phyllis's nose supports spectacles; and a cap, with imposing ruffles, fills the interior of her quiet, Quaker bonnet. Uncle Cy stoops, and leans heavily on his cane, though he still wears "old massa's" hat, and carries the well-preserved umbrella. Their grandchildren, hymn-book in hand, walk in front, while behind comes the youngest Miss Johnson, the colored "girl of the period," on the arm of an ardent admirer.

In her rear, another dainty young lady, with carefully elevated skirts, exchanges greetings with a smiling beau, who has just advanced to proffer his escort, while a promiscuous crowd follows.

Unconscious of change, we can see the old church looking grandly, grimly down; history, tradition, romance, weaving their charmed web about its uncompromising old walls, clinging to them like the ivy, and making their memory parable cook.

EVERY month or so we are treated to a work on Biblical truth. Year after year some one comes forward to support the Bible against men of science, and we humbly ask the reason why? Do scientific men engage their attention in writing against Biblical records? Do Lyell or Huxley, or Murchison or Hooker, or Agassiz or Foster, take the trouble to write huge books against the Bible, that it finds so many to support it? Or is it that clergymen, with little of scientific knowledge, and with a courage proportionate to their ignorance, are anxious to make what they can by their pamphanship? We fear this has something to do with it; for we do not, we think, find that those who are conversant with the study of science are, as a rule, the most ready to rush into the field, prepared to hold a particular view of the Bible. No; on the contrary. It is some country parson, gifted with abundance of time, learned in a few books, and worshipped by a number of old ladies, who lays his whole strength to settle down, finally and clearly, that which, during the present century, has been the greatest mystery to all who have entered upon it. Such men are ever ready, at a few months' notice, to take up any subject, and satisfy themselves that they understand it fully. They forget how many have already been in the field—how numerous have been the different views as to Bible and Science reconciliation—and, finally, how instantly their ideas would have been rejected less than one hundred years ago. If men cannot see that the conclusion of scientific minds are, as years advance, becoming more and more distinct from the ideas of the Old Testament, and that such conclusions are in general terms complete, we pity them. The Old Testament is losing much of its force as it was laid down a hundred years ago, but we do not see that this lessens Christianity in the slightest degree.

THE Princess Luperano of Naples has just given a proof that one is not merely never too old to learn, but never too old to succeed as a writer. This noble lady is now eighty-two years of age, and has made her first appearance as a dramatic author with entire success. Her work is a comedy in five acts, entitled "Il Denaro," and has had a great run at Naples.

#### PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

A BRONZE statue of Fitz Green Halleck is proposed for Central Park.

MARSHAL CANROBERT lives in retirement, in the neighborhood of Versailles.

THOMAS CARLYLE has been elected President of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution.

ABOUT \$20,000 has been raised in the South for the monument of the late General Lee.

BISMARCK's new title as prince is, "Seine Durchlaucht, Prinz von Bismarck-Schoenhausen."

MR. GLADSTONE has refused to receive a deputation of ladies in support of the political enfranchisement of women.

SENATOR POMEROY offers to give \$10,000 of the necessary \$15,000, to found a female professorship of medicine at Howard University.

THE President has appointed the son of the late Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, to the office of Secretary of the new Territory of Co. umbria.

THE young Queen of Spain has become as very devout Catholic—as devout as the devout Isabella ever was—and has obtained a revocation of the decree confiscating convents.

THE German tenor Nieman, who is the divorced husband of Marie Seebach, has married Henrietta Raabe, a noted actress of Germany, and the couple propose to visit this country.

MR. LEWIS DOXAT, who has recently died in London, at the age of ninety-eight, entered the newspaper profession eighty-two years ago, and edited one paper for more than half a century.

AMHERST COLLEGE is agitated by a rumor that Samuel Williston, of Easthampton, Mass., has offered to give the college half a million of dollars, if it will change its name to Williston University.

MINISTER SICKLES lately presented to the young Queen of Spain, reported to be an intelligent as she is handsome, elegantly bound copies of Irving's "Siege of Granada," and "Tales of the Alhambra."

THE remains of Bishop-General Polk are to be removed from the churchyard of St. Paul's, Augusta, Ga., where they now lie, unmarked, to Louisiana, where a monument will be erected over them.

GEROLT, who has represented the Berlin Government at Washington for over twenty-five years, and is now, at his own request, recalled, leaves Sir Edward Thornton the senior member of the diplomatic corps.

MRS. SHERMAN, wife of General Sherman,

Mrs. Dahlgren, Mrs. Catharine E. Beecher, and other ladies, are engaged in procuring signatures to a petition to Congress protesting against an extension of suffrage to women.

MRS. MARIA L. BLAINE, widow of Ephraim Lyon Blaine, and mother of James G. Blaine, present Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States, died, May 5th, at St. Paul, Minn., in the seventieth year of her age.

PRINCE DE LYNAR, an aid on the staff of the Emperor William of Germany, was married, May 16th, to Miss Mary Parsons, at Columbus, O., Bishop Melville officiating. The couple first met in Paris, where the Prince was Secretary of the Prussian Legation.

It is said that Queen Victoria intends to reside for a few weeks every year on her newly purchased Irish estate in County Kildare, with the hope of diminishing, if possible, the hatred of the Saxon, so long and so offensively displayed by her Fenian subjects.

MISS REBECCA WRIGHT, of Winchester, Va., who gave valuable information to General Sheridan in September, 1864, was married on the 3d of May to a Virginian. After the war, General Sheridan presented her with a valuable watch, as a token of his appreciation of her heroism and loyalty.

MADAME RUDERSDORF and Mr. W. H. Cummings, the English tenor, who came to this country expressly to fulfill an engagement at the late musical festival in Boston, sang for England last week. They are to sing at the Handel and Haydn Concert, at the Crystal Palace, London, next month.

IT is said that the Empress Eugénie has presented Lady Burgoynes (wife of Sir John Burgoynes, in whose yacht, the *Gazelle*, she escaped from France, and landed safely at Rye,) a costly gold locket, set with diamonds, with a most exquisite likeness of her Majesty inclosed, as a souvenir of that memorable voyage to England.

THE son of Iturbide, the would-be Emperor of Mexico, and who, it will be remembered, was adopted by the Archduke Maximilian, and died to Italy after the death of Carlotta's husband, lives now in Hungary, where he is engaged to the daughter of Baron Wricks, one of the wealthiest landed proprietors of that country.

A COMPLIMENTARY dinner was given, on the evening of May 16th, to Baron von Gerolt, Minister of Germany to the United States, in view of his departure from this country, at the Union League Club-house, New York. Hon. William M. Evarts, ex-Attorney-General, presided, and the recipient of the honor occupied a seat at his right.

AMONG recent deaths are—Daniel F. E. Auber, the eminent composer, in Paris, May 14th, at the advanced age of eighty-nine years; Sir John Herschel, one of the greatest astronomers of the country; and the Hon. John Grenier, Ex-Governor of New Mexico, and author of the famous "Log-Cabin" songs of the political campaign of 1840.

THE Princess Luperano of Naples has just given a proof that one is not merely never too old to learn, but never too old to succeed as a writer. This noble lady is now eighty-two years of age, and has made her first appearance as a dramatic author with entire success. Her work is a comedy in five acts, entitled "Il Denaro," and has had a great run at Naples.

THE arrangements for the excursion of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts, in July, have been completed. They will leave Boston on the 10th for Mount Mansfield, Vt., and will visit St. Albans and Montreal. Returning to Newport, Vt., on the 13th, the party will there break up, but many will go to the White Mountains and fill out the week.

THE Empress Augusta has been in a state of profound mental distress, for a year past, at the disappearance, periodically, of her most valuable articles of jewelry. None of the police could discover the thief; but, a few weeks since, one of the Empress's little grandchildren was found to be the culprit. The child had taken the jewels for the benefit of her large family of dolls.

CONNECTICUT tells a bit of pleasant gossip thus: The first stove ever allowed in the dwelling-house of widow Hannah York, of North Stonington, was set up April 20th, 1871, in which was kindled a fire from embers taken from the fire in her fireplace, which has not been extinguished for over sixty-five years. The first match and the first lamp ever suffered to enter her house, were recently lighted. The old lady remarked that she didn't know what anybody wanted such things for; for her part



NEWFOUNDLAND.—FEMALE LABORERS DRESSING A CABBAGE-GARDEN WITH CAPELING.

## GENERAL VON DER TANN.

LUDWIG FREDERICK VON DER TANN, the distinguished German soldier, was born in Tann, a Bavarian village, in 1815. His education was begun at Munich; but at the age of eighteen he withdrew from the college, to take the position of Ensign in the First Royal Artillery. From this time his promotion was very rapid for one of his years, yet he filled every grade to the satisfaction of his superior officers and with honor to himself. In 1844, through the agency of military friends, who recognized his fine soldierly qualities, and the King, he was commissioned Adjutant to the Crown-Prince Maximilian. He served through the war with Denmark, winning marked distinction at the head of a corps of volunteers. In 1860, he was made Chief of Staff of the regular army.

At the commencement of the war with France, he was assigned to an important command, and his pursuit of General Bourbaki's army to the Swiss frontier is now regarded as one of the finest movements made during the war.

The affairs of the French Republic assumed a critical phase last week—the Germans manifesting an intention of interfering and assisting the Versailles Government in the capture of Paris, in order to secure peace and the payment of the first installment of the war indemnity. General Von der Tann, whose headquarters were at St. Ouen, gave his assent to the employment of a column of forty thousand German troops to assist in the great movement against the capital. This was done with the advice of the Crown-Prince of Saxony, who has ever placed full confidence in the integrity and sagacity of the Bavarian general.

## REV. CHARLES E. CHENEY.

The public has not yet forgotten the ecclesiastical excitement occasioned in New York, two years ago, by the action of the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., in omitting a word in the administration of the ceremony of infant baptism. The trial that ensued, bringing together the leading divines of the Episcopal Church, and developing a strong sympathy for the young and liberal-minded clergyman, who believed he was in the right and maintained his position, has had a counterpart in the case of the Rev. Charles E. Cheney, of Chicago.

This reverend gentleman, heeding his Master's invitation, "Suffer little children to come unto me," omitted the word "regenerate," in the rite of baptism, holding that babes can neither repent nor give expression to the dictates of faith.

For this great offense against the Church he has been thrice tried, and a body of grave bishops have passed on him the canonical and ecclesiastical sentence of degradation from the ministry of the Church of God.

Notwithstanding this, Mr. Cheney's congregation hold him in high esteem, and it is extremely probable that, if the bishops succeed in preventing his preaching in his former church, the congregation will withdraw from their present edifice, and build up a new church, where their pastor can explain God's truth in the simple, effective, and forgiving spirit which was the beauty of Christ's appeals to sinners.

## THE RETURN OF THE FORAGER.

HISTORY repeats itself! and the fox will get the better of the goose, till the end of time, the battle being shamefully unequal, the unhappy goose, either feathered or not, having no shadow of a chance with its astute adversary, or quadruped, or biped; the goose always

has been victimized, and always will be, and the little foxen shall rejoice and be "exceeding glad" over numberless geese of the future! and if *le renard subtil père* should catchchismally ask his offspring, "What were geese made for?" there would be a spontaneous infantile chorus of, "Geese were made for foxes," and the imbecile bird would be carried *nem. con.* into the recesses of their cave, and incontinently devoured with that exceedingly sharp appetite and tranquil absence of conscience the foxes of the world unfailingly exhibit.

## AN ARTIST SELECTING AN INSTRUMENT.

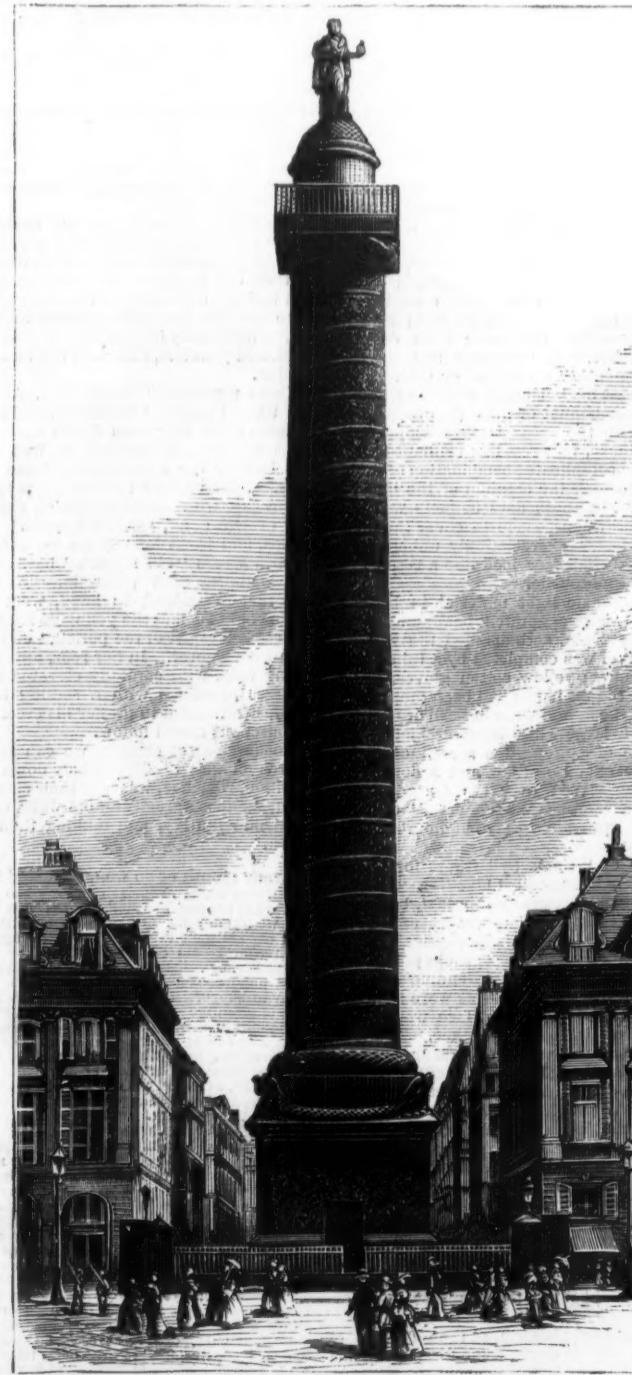
THERE'S no cheating this artist—no palming off on him a worthless instrument. The dealer in musical instruments may wink at the prospect of getting rid of an inferior article, but if the strings will not yield a clear, distinct, and agreeable sound, he had better let it remain on his shelves, for if there is anything suggestive, to a negro, of agony, it is a violin, banjo or guitar that will not submit gracefully to the pranks of his fingers. The dealer evidently deludes himself with the idea that, if he can convince the purchaser by argument that the instrument is the best of its kind ever made, it will be quickly taken. But not so. A lively description of the beauty of shape, liberality of ornament, ease of manipulation and carriage, and notoriety of manufacture, does no more good in this place than if applied to a ham. One brush of the fingers across the strings is convincing, and if the result is not satisfactory, the dealer will very likely be advised to lay the instrument aside for some person who knows nothing of musical harmony. A negro's ear never fails to catch a pure, sweet tone, and when the article which produces it is found, no argument will prevent its purchase. A banjo may not be covered with the finest skin, nor have the most glittering keys, but if it responds agreeably to the touch, these characteristics will be of no account. Music is one thing in which the negro is free from imposition.

## FEMALE LABOR IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE farms of Newfoundland show the old-world tillage still practiced in some parts of Europe, but driven out from our own portion of the American continent by the "reaper," the "mower," and the steam-plow. Woman-labor here reigns supreme, in the absence of the male population, whose time in the Spring season is altogether taken up with the fishery business. The soil is generally quite arid and poor, and requires a vast proportion of compost. This, save for a grateful provision of nature cunningly utilized by the local humanity, would be very difficult to procure. No guano, no patent fertilizer, finds its way to these secluded and old-fashioned farmsteads; but the welcome *frutti di mare*, the small fish and crabs, are gathered as they approach the shores, and, along with seaweeds of various kinds, go to enrich the soil for purposes of agriculture. Our sketch exhibits a homely cabbage-garden, of an aspect common enough in this seaside region. The small fish called *caperling* have been caught in abundance as they have been driven shoreward by the voracious larger fish; and the humble farm-women are spreading their carcasses over the cabbage-beds to decompose into manure. Outside, beyond the rim of the Atlantic horizon, the husbands and fathers are fishing for mackerel and halibut; when sunset shall come, these poor, loving women will throw down their rakes and climb the cliffs for a first sight of the returning sail—happy if the chances of the weather, or the dreaded collision with down-floated icebergs in the mist, shall not deprive them of the wished-for sight, and convert them into widows and orphans.

## DESTRUCTION OF THE COLUMN VENDÔME.

THE famous Column Vendôme was overthrown and destroyed, May 16th, by the agents of the Insurgent Government. The column stood in the Place Vendôme, which was erected, in 1806,



PARIS.—THE COLUMN VENDÔME, DESTROYED MAY 16TH.

by Louis XIV., on the site of the hotel belonging to the Duke Vendôme, son of Henry IV. The Place is octagonal in form, 420 by 450 feet. The buildings bordering on the square are very beautiful, and of Corinthian architecture. In the centre formerly stood an equestrian statue of Louis XIV., which was demolished by the people during the first Revolution, the base only being saved. In 1806, Napoleon I. gave orders for the erection of the triumphal monument which has just been hurled to the ground, in honor of the success of the French arms. The column was of the Tuscan order, and copied after Trajan's Pillar at Rome. Its height was 135 feet; circumference at the base, 36 feet; the base was about 21 feet high and 20 feet square, and the column could be ascended by a winding staircase of 176 steps. The column was covered by bas-reliefs in bronze, composed of 276 plates, made out of 1,200 pieces of cannon taken from the Russians and Austrians, representing the victories of the French armies in the German campaign of 1805. There were over 2,000 figures of 3 feet high, and the metal used weighed about 360,000 lbs. The column was surmounted by a colossal bronze statue of Napoleon I., 11 feet high. The one familiar to the Parisians, with the cocked hat and military surtout, was taken down in 1863; the hero appeared, in the statue that was torn down the other day, in a Roman toga. The whole cost was about \$300,000.

The fall was announced for two o'clock, and all the balconies in the Place Vendôme were thronged with ladies. Rues de la Paix and Castiglione were crowded. Three bands of music arrived while the workmen were engaged in chipping the base of the column. M. Abadie next arrived, and inspected the windlass. The excitement was intense. M. Rochefort next appeared, and the people crowded around him, giving him loud cheers. Soon, all arrangements were completed, and the cable stretched and tightened. The column stood firm, the windlass broke, and the pulley flew into the air, and then descended, striking a sailor and wounding him. At twenty minutes past five o'clock the cable was again stretched for the work of demolition.

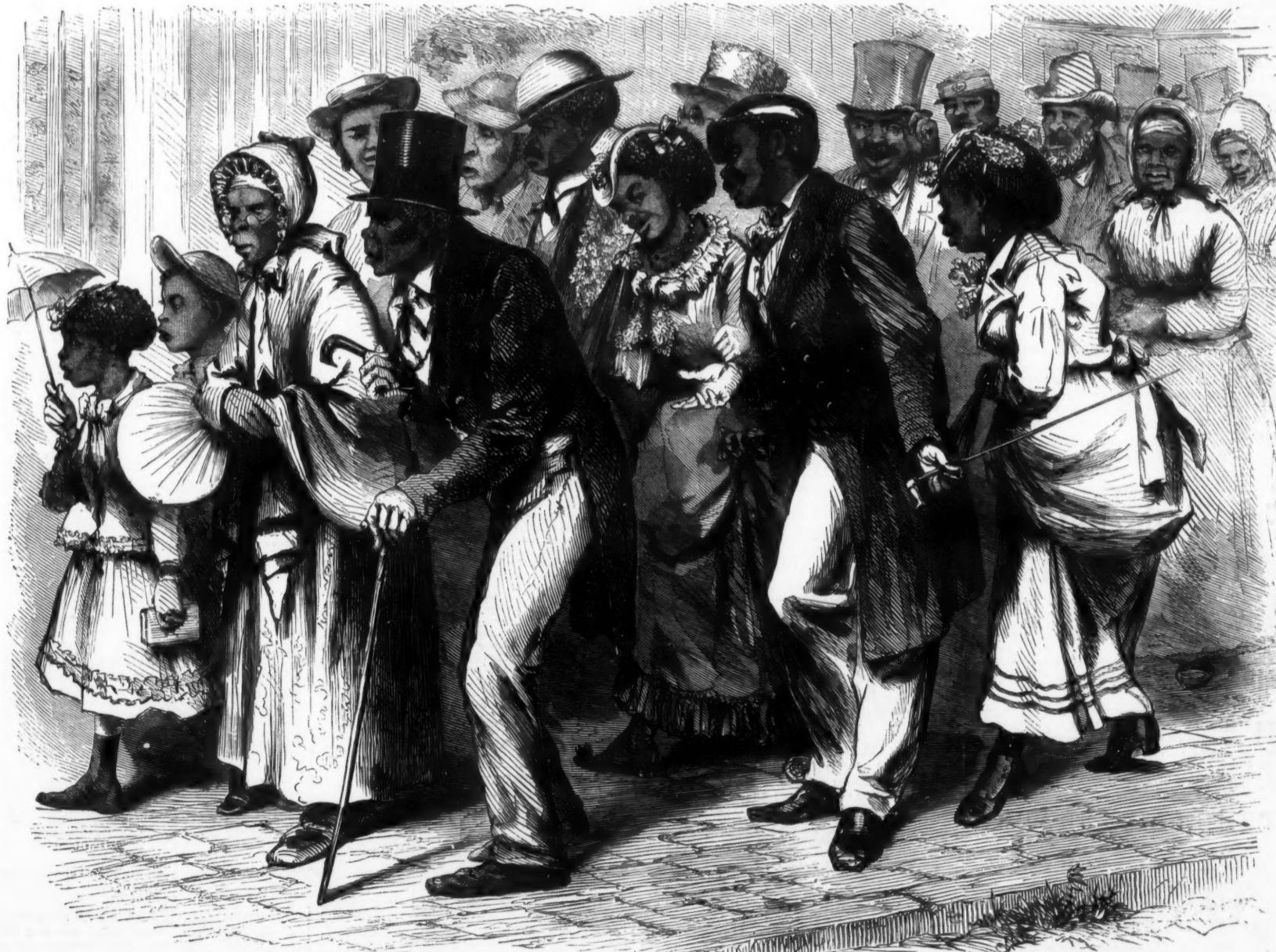


GENERAL SPINNER, TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 186.

ition. Suddenly, to the surprise of the spectators, the vast column moved and swayed. It next swept magnificently down, bursting into fragments as it struck the earth. It fell lengthwise in the Rue de la Paix, exactly on the manure cushion prepared for it, splintering with a dull, heavy, lumbering sound, while a thick cloud of dust and crushed and powdered masonry rose in the air. The crowd, as soon as the column fell, gave tremendous shouts of "Vive la Commune," and the bands played the Marseillaise hymn. When the dust cleared away, there lay the glorious column shattered to pieces, its bronze and masonry in two masses together in the middle, and the statue of the Emperor, several feet from one end of the column, with the head knocked off. The crowd rushed forward to collect fragments as reliques; next, the orators commenced their speeches; then, the National Guards spat into its face, and struck it with their rifles.

#### COPROLITES.

AMONG the most interesting examples of the use of refuse, may be mentioned the celebrated superphosphate manure termed coprolites. These were discovered quite accidentally, in the year 1846, by an artificial manure manufacturer, whilst walking on Bawdsey Beach, England. Happening to pick up some coprolites—which, it may be stated, are the fossilized guano of an extinct saurian—he discovered that they were full of fine manuring qualities. He set children to pick them up. Whilst thus employed under the cliff, where they had been excavating to gather them, the crag fell upon and buried a little girl. The notoriety thus given to the employment led the farmers to search their crag pits, where they found this fine manure in large quantities, and as it was worth eighteen dollars a ton, the farmers grew wild in search of it. The farms in this part of the country presented the appearance of gold diggings; wheat crops were dug up, valuable buildings undermined, and even churchyards searched for the precious deposit. It is said that fully three millions' worth of this antique manure was in a few years se-



RICHMOND, VA.—CONGREGATION COMING FROM THE OLD AFRICAN CHURCH, SUNDAY AFTERNOON.—SEE PAGE 195.

cured. But the sources of manure for the fertilization of our fields are plentiful enough, without going back to the fossilized guano of long-extinct animals. The liquid manure that now flows through our system of sewers is one of the finest fertilizers known. In Edinburgh, a far less rich manure is utilized to flood the Craigentenny meadows, which produce three splendid crops of grass in consequence during the year.

**THE** warerooms of J. Bauer & Co., No. 650 Broadway, contain an excellent selection of Grand, Square and Upright Pianos, which maintain their high reputation for sweetness of tone, durability, and elegance of finish. This firm represents the well-known establishment of Knabe & Co., Baltimore, Md., whose piano-fortes are unsurpassed for qualities that make such instruments popular and valuable. They are made after the most approved patterns, and are complete in every particular.

SAYS a late issue of the Philadelphia City Item: "Ingenuity has been taxed to find the surest and most direct means of reaching the public; and the business man who would advertise a specialty, and get the greatest good out of the greatest number, in the shortest space of time, is compelled to go to Geo. P. Howell & Co., of New York, for advice. Why to this house? Because it is the head and front of the advertising business. It is prompt, methodical, and clear in its transactions, and possesses the confidence of all the houses which advertise most."

CLOVERINE, for cleaning Silks, Satins, Laces, Gloves, Sewing Machines, etc. It is an agreeable substitute for Benzine, possessing none of its offensive properties, but all its useful ones in a superior degree. Benj. B. Rotton & Co., Brooklyn, P. O. (Box 120). Price 15 and 25 cts. per Bottle. 816-21

CHROMOS and Frames, Stereoscopes, Albums, Photographic Materials and Graphoscopes, imported and manufactured by E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel.

**It will obliterate** Sallowness, Moth patches, Sunburn, Coarseness, etc., and give a marble-like complexion of great beauty. Hagan's Magnolia Balm will perpetuate the bloom of youth for years. What the Balm is to the complexion, Lyon's Celebrated Katharon is to the hair. It causes the hair to grow luxuriantly, eradicates dandruff, prevents the hair from falling out or turning gray. 816-19

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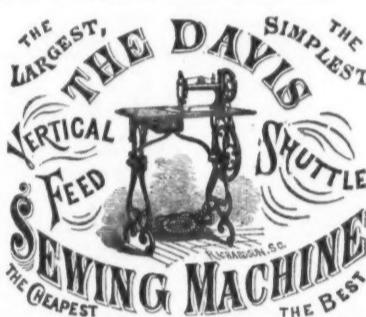
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